THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXV —No. 979

SEPTEMBER 6, 1922

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

MEN, WOMEN, AND GUNS ON THE MOORS

MOTOR TYRES AT
1/3 of Present Market Prices
Send your worn tyres to
ALMAGAM
MILLS·HARPENDEN
3000 miles guaranteed for the new grooved treads we fit to your old cover
SPECIAL PRICES for STEEL STUDDED TREADS
Slough, 4th August, 1922.—"It may interest you to know that the first two covers you retreaded for us 30 x 3½ one reached 10,022 and the other 9,018, and that after being returned to us by another firm as not worth doing. Two others on the same car put on last October are just reaching 6,000." Yours truly,——

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
By Appointment to H.M. King George V.

INDIAN TEAK PARQUET FLOORS.
Best for dancing & general wear. London - made, from seasoned stocks, by original patentees,
HOWARD & SONS, LTD.
25-27, Berners Street, W. 1.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

MOTHERS Guard your Health
and that of your little ones with DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA. It is the safest aperient for Delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children and Infants.
Prevents the food of infants from turning sour during digestion. The universal remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Indigestion, Sour Eructations, Bilious Affections.
Solid Magnesia should on no account be given to children or taken by adults, as it is liable to form hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels.
There is no such risk with DINNEFORD'S Pure Fluid Magnesia, recommended by doctors for over 100 years.
AVOID IMITATIONS.
Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on label.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

In 25 Shades. 42 Inches Wide. 1/8 per yard.
Tamborina
The Beautiful Lawn for Beautiful Lingerie
WRITE FOR PATTERNS and a DRAPER'S ADDRESS.
J. & N. PHILIPS & CO., LTD. Advt. Dept., MANCHESTER.

Kunzle
HIGH GRADE CHOCOLATES
MADE IN BIRMINGHAM.
PATENT CREAMS, Regd. 19215.

GREEN STRIPE

SCOTCH WHISKY

"For the man who knows the difference!"

J & G STEWART LTD
incorporating
(ANDREW USHER & Co)
EDINBURGH
& 79 MARK LANE LONDON E.C
Established 1779

America's Finest Tobacco

1/3½ per oz. Packet
2/7 2oz. Packet
5/2 ¼lb. Tin -

GOLD BLOCK
FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG

STOCKED BY ALL LEADING TOBACCONISTS AND STORES

G.B.15

Manufactured by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., under contract with Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd., successors to D. Ritchie & Co., Montreal.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

Exclusive Designs in
MILANESE UNDERWEAR
Hosiery Dept., ground floor.

Pure Silk Milanese Vest. Opera shape, perfect fitting, hemstitched and trimmed most effective embroidered design in White, Pink, Lemon, Mauve, Sky, or Black.

PRICE
17/9

Knickers to match **19/9.**

Plain SPUN SILK HOSE, reinforced feet, very soft and excellent wearing. In Black, White, Putty, Suede, Beaver, Navy, Brown, Nigger, Tan, Medium or Dark Grey.
Per pair **8/11.**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

INEXPENSIVE
WELL-TAILORED
SHIRT

WE have a large and varied stock of inexpensive and exclusive Tailored Shirts, all of which are made from really high-grade materials by our own skilled workers. The value of these Shirts is quite exceptional.

ATTRACTIVE TAILORED SHIRT (as sketch), made in spun silk Crepe, perfectly cut. long revere fastening pearl button.

In Black/White, Mauve/White, Saxe/White, Navy/White.

Sizes 13 to 14½.

PRICE
29/6

Outsize **2/-** extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W

Sent on approval.

It's really wonderful

how we can renovate your LAST YEAR'S

VELOUR FELT or BEAVER HAT

No matter how shabby it looks, we can renovate and reshape it to the most fashionable Autumn shape. Just roll up your hat with your name and address stitched inside the crown, and we will forward our Catalogue of over a hundred shapes to choose from, and tell you what the cost will be. If you prefer, send postcard for Catalogue first.

WE ALSO RENOVATE MEN'S SOFT FELT, VELOURS, AND HARD FELT BOWLERS.

The DUNSTABLE HAT RENOVATING Co. Ltd.

Church St. DUNSTABLE, Beds.

IN SENDING TO US YOU ARE DEALING WITH THE ORIGINAL AND LARGEST HAT RENOVATING FIRM IN THE KINGDOM.

DENT'S

SEVENTY-TWO processes to make each pair of Dent's Gloves — Incredible, but true. It is this extraordinary thoroughness which enables Dent's to produce Gloves that are soft and supple, well made and beautifully finished. The guide to safe buying is the "D" on the button or the word "Dent's" inside the glove.

Ask to see Dent's Piqué Cape.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

RELIABLE AND DISTINCTIVE

FURS

AT SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES.

Made from specially selected skins in the most becoming shapes and worked by high-class skilled Furriers.

BLUE WOLF ANIMAL TIE, made from super-quality extra large selected silky skin, of a most exquisite and becoming blue-grey shade, best workmanship and finish.

SPECIAL VALUE,

11½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

No. 4434 Patent One-Bar Twin Button Shoe. Made also in Suède.

A pair of shoes should mean as much to you as a hat—so why not give them the same thought?

THE footwear certainly plays as much part in the perfect toilet as the hat. Ladies who recognise this really obvious truth and appreciate good shoes at economical prices are permanent customers for

Portland

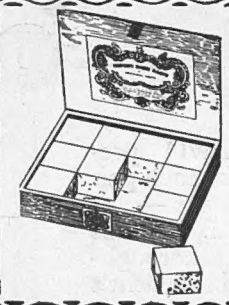
A SHOE OF QUALITY

Ask for Portland by name at your shoe shop.

In case of difficulty write to the manufacturers:

T. ROBERTS & SONS,
Portland Shoe Works, LEICESTER.

MORNY



BATH SALTS TABLETS

(Sels Aromatiques Comprimés Morny)

An enhanced sense of comfort and personal daintiness may be maintained throughout the day by means of the bath treated with Morny Bath Salts Tablets. One Tablet scientifically "softens" the water of an entire bath, and leaves upon the skin an enduring fragrance.

Morny Bath Salts Tablets are sold in flat boxes of 12, 24 and 36 Tablets, and are perfumed with—

"Chaminade" "Mystérieuse" "Nuit de Carnival" "Triomphe" 4/-, 7/6 & 10/-

"June Roses" "Nocturne" "Serenade" "Yesha" 3/-, 5/6 & 7/6

Assorted (12 different Morny Odours) 4/-, 7/6 & 10/6

The name "Morny" on the label is a guarantee against inferior imitations.

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from

201 · REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1

Miss Neat wears Phillips

'PRESIDENT'—the thin, light, dainty and invisible Rubber Sole that will wear for months and months.

An Enormous Economy
A Delightful Comfort

Ladies' 2/-
Men's 3/-

PHILLIPS RUBBERS

"Last the time of three"

Take off your clothes

and send them to

EASTMAN'S

The London Dyers & Cleaners for over 120 years.

The Dyeing Season is upon us.

Do not discard Faded garments!
Let Eastman's advise you!
The correct shade. Fast colours.
The perfect finish.
"It is the Finish that counts."

EASTMAN & SON (DYERS & CLEANERS) LTD
Works: ACTON VALE, LONDON, W. 3.

Eastmans for Excellence

WORKS: ACTON VALE, LONDON, W.3.
Country orders returned carriage paid.

FOSTER CLARK'S

IT'S THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD

and this delightful quality is what makes it such an improvement on the ordinary custard. Delicious, tempting, economical, easily prepared, it makes an ideal dish with the fruits of the season. Try a package to-day.

Reduced Prices: Family Tins 11½d. Family Packets 9½d., Small Packets 4d. 1½d & 1d

CREAM CUSTARD

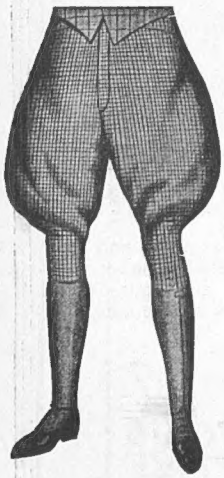
For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d 1/ 2/6 & 4/6.

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.

RIDING BREECHES



63/-
to order

STRAPPED BUCKSKIN

Bedford Cords
Corduroy
Cantoon
Moleskins
TWEEDS

Patterns & Easy Self-Measurement Form per return post.

LOUNGE SUITS

From **7** GUINEAS

ESTABLISHED 1844 *TELEPHONE 1689 Museum*

Tailors **FREDK. POOLE & CO.** *Breeches Makers.*
219, Oxford St., London, W.1

Storage Batteries

In sizes to light the Bungalow or the Mansion.

THE Chloride ELECTRICAL STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED.

Clifton Junction, nr. Manchester.
57, Victoria St. London S.W.1.

THE PIONEER SOCIETY. FOUNDED 1843.

THE "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP AND THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES URGENTLY NEED £25,000

(RECEIVED TO DATE £7,000)

TO PREVENT CURTAILMENT OF ANY BRANCH OF THE SOCIETY'S WORK.

10,000 boys have been sent to Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. 9,000 boys have been trained for Civil Employment and Emigration. 1,100 boys and girls now being maintained.

Patrons:
THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
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H. BRISTOW WALLEN & HENRY G. COPELAND.

Cheques, etc. should be made payable to, and sent to—The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue London, W.C.2.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

The Standard Remedy For Over 50 Years

Surest and quickest remedy for Catarrh, Ordinary Colds and Asthmatic Troubles. At all Chemists. 4s. 6d. a tin.

All the News in a Nutshell in the

DAILY GRAPHIC

The Perfect Picture Paper

The First Authority

on Sport "THE FIELD" unreservedly endorses the sterling virtues of BURBERRYS' new material.

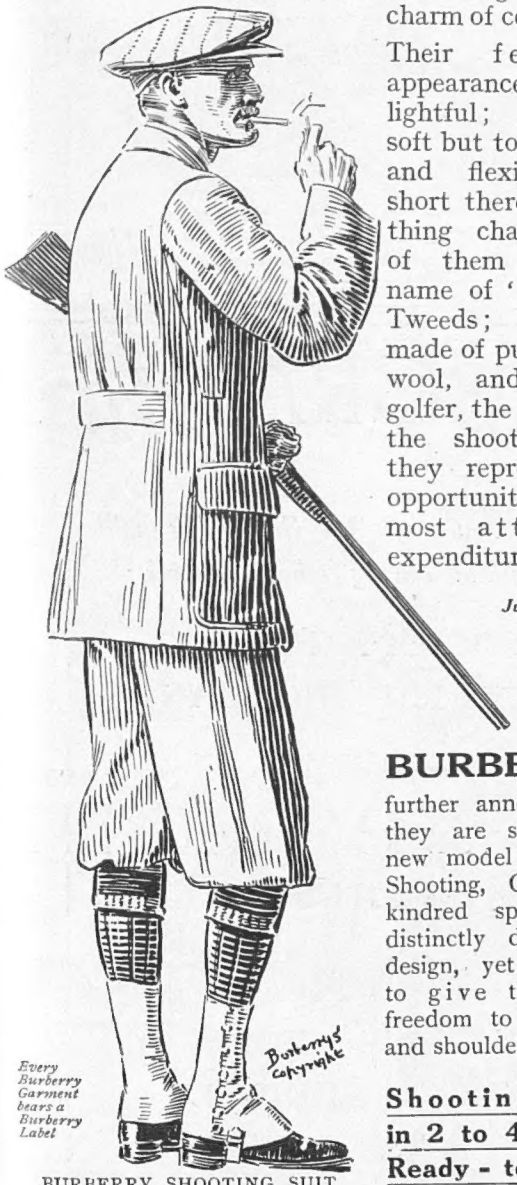
SILVERING TWEEDS

"A Tweed with a number of sterling virtues in respect of wear and tear has been prepared by Burberrys, and it adds to its sterner qualities another, which is that of great attractiveness of appearance.

The Tweeds to which Burberrys have given the name of "Silvering" have a general resemblance to Donegal, without the Donegal's roughness and knots, but with all and more of its lightness and charm of colouring.

Their feel and appearance are delightful; they are soft but tough, light, and flexible. In short there is something characteristic of them in their name of 'Silvering' Tweeds; they are made of pure Scotch wool, and for the golfer, the angler, or the shooting man they represent the opportunity for a most attractive expenditure."

"The Field," June 24, 1922.



Every Burberry Garment bears a Burberry Label

BURBERRY SHOOTING SUIT, MODEL A 1800

Illustrated Catalogue & Patterns Post Free.

BURBERRYS further announce that they are showing 20 new model coats for Shooting, Golf and kindred sports, each distinctly different in design, yet all built to give the utmost freedom to the arms and shoulders.

Shooting Suits in 2 to 4 Days or Ready-to-Wear.

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

Bd. Malesherbes PARIS; & Agents in Provincial Towns.

Burberrys Ltd

CRÊPE DE CHINE

BLOUSES

AT

SPECIAL PRICES

This attractive and Useful Blouse is made by our workers from good quality crêpe de Chine. It is cut on full and becoming lines and is a most useful garment for present wear.

PRACTICAL BLOUSE (as sketch) in good quality crêpe de Chine, well fitting collar cut to form a long line finished at ends with tiny tucks; tucked pieces let in each side of front to form an effective finish. In Ivory, Navy, Black, Nigger, Flesh and a variety of colours. In sizes 42, 44 and 46.

PRICE

29/6

Sent on approval

Debenham & Freebody

(DEBENHAM LIMITED)

Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London.W.

NEW VELOUR HATS

FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR

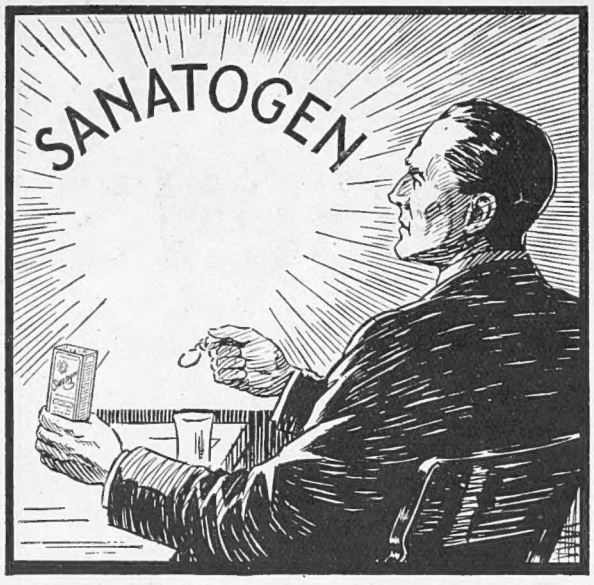
SAILOR HAT in good quality velour trimmed with self ribbon. In many artistic colours.

98/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W1



Energise your Nerves to prevent "staleness"

"During periods of mental fatigue I have made extended trials of Sanatogen, and each time derived great benefit."

So writes Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, the well-known poet and author, and he adds "*Several times I have found myself wondering why I was feeling so fit, and then remembered that I was taking Sanatogen.*"

Such testimony is convincing—for it is genuine spontaneous testimony, which could be multiplied a thousandfold.

But, until you have taken Sanatogen, you simply cannot realise what it means—this delightful change from mental and nervous fatigue to the feeling of freshness and fitness that Sanatogen invariably brings! Try it to-day; you will never regret the experiment.

Not in medicated Wines or weakening aperients lies the way to better health, but in the regular daily use of Sanatogen to build up nerve-energy—enrich the blood, improve nutrition — and invigorate the organs of digestion and excretion.

SANATOGEN

(The True Tonic Food.)

Buy Sanatogen at your Chemist's to-day—from 2/3 per tin. But be sure you get *genuine* Sanatogen, made by Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW MODEL HATS FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

Becoming Mushroom Hat *in stitched padded satin or duvetyn in many good colours.* 79/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

THE GRAPHIC

The issue of 9th September will contain among other features:

SOCIETY IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

REMARKABLE EVEREST PICTURES

THE LIFE STORY OF THE CADDIS-FLY

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHS

1/- THE GRAPHIC 1/-

PETER ROBINSON'S

ALL Our Departments
are now showing the new
Autumn Fashions

The following Departmental Booklets are ready and will be sent on application :—
Boys' Wear, Girls' Wear, Costumes and Millinery.
Other Booklets are in course of preparation and will also be sent on request.

Peter Robinson Ltd.,
Oxford Street and Regent Street, W.1

INEXPENSIVE
CREPE DE CHINE
NIGHTGOWN

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the months of August and September, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of inexpensive crepe de Chine Sets, of which sketch is a typical example.

INEXPENSIVE NIGHTDRESS in good quality crepe de Chine, the neck and sleeves are scalloped with contrasting or self colourings, outlined hemstitching and finished hand embroidered design. In Pink, Ivory, Sky, Mauve, Lemon, Flame

PRICE **29/6**

Chemise to match - 21/9
Knickers to match - 21/9
In pure silk triple Ninon in Ivory and Pink.
Nightgown - - 39/6
Chemise - - - 27/6
Knickers - - - 27/6
Cami-Knicker in crepe de Chine to match, 29/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.

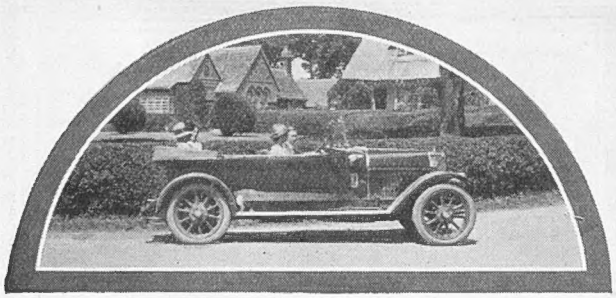
RICH CHIFFON VELVET TEA FROCKS AT SPECIAL PRICES

This charming Tea Frock is made in rich quality silk chiffon velvet. It is graceful and becoming and adapted from one of the newest and most exclusive French Models. An Ideal garment for Country House wear.

SMART SLEEVELESS TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality silk chiffon velvet, sleeveless but with hanging cape at back which can be caught to form small sleeves, neck and armholes finished with piping, belt of own material. In Black, Flame, Orange, Dark Jade, Grey, Mole, Mauve, and other fashionable colours.

SPECIAL PRICE
98/6

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.



A Known quantity

WHEN you decide to purchase a 19·6 h.p. Crossley, you choose a known quantity, a car which has amply proved itself to be far above the average, giving perfect road service with a minimum of trouble and expense.

You will certainly be interested in the specification and description of the 19·6 h.p. Crossley. Ask for booklet.

The 19·6 h.p.

Crossley

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., GORTON, MANCHESTER.
London Showrooms and Export Dept., 40-41, Conduit St., W.1.

WHY WAIT FOR OLYMPIA

when we are giving the public the advantage of 1923 Reduced Prices——NOW?

Overland

British Built Model All-weather Touring Car ..	£365
British Built Model, 2/3 Seater, with double dickey	£350
Sedan	£395
Three-quarter Landaulet .. All-weather Model (Gwynne)	£495 £465
Standard Model Touring Car	£268
Traveller's Brougham ..	£290
Van	£240
Chassis, Pleasure (de-luxe)	£255
Chassis, Pleasure (Standard)	£230
Chassis, Commercial (Standard)	£200

All ex-works.
Reduced Prices effective September 1st 1922

The Overland British Built All-weather Touring Car £365

THE CHASSIS has Light Weight with Ample Power. A Patent System of Springing and Magneto Ignition
Result—Economy in Petrol Oil and Tyres
THE BODY has English Coach-work, Real Leather Upholstery and Rigid All-weather Side Curtains
All conducive to comfort and convenience
THE EQUIPMENT includes complete Electric Lighting and Starting Set with Six Lamps, Spare Rim and Tyre, Tool Kit and Spares
The whole Car is built at our own Factory.

The Overland Standard Touring Car £268

Is the cheapest five seated Family Car on the market, weatherproof and completely equipped at the extraordinary price of **£268**. Combines comfort and economy.

CONVINCING EVIDENCE OF OVERLAND ECONOMY AND RELIABILITY is contained in the latest Royal Automobile Club Certificate. Facsimile copies of the R.A.C. Certificates, showing Overland performance on both road and track, will be forwarded on request.

Write for descriptive literature and name of nearest Agent.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LTD.
British Factory and Sales Department: HEATON CHAPEL, STOCKPORT
Showrooms: 151/153 Great Portland St., London, W.1
London Service Depot: 111 Lots Road, King's Road, Chelsea

Sunday Times

"The Journal with a high Standard of Efficiency, of human interest, and of devotion to National Ideals."

To South America

RMSP PSNC

The ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
ATLANTIC HOUSE, MOORGATE E.C.2
& AMERICA HOUSE, COCKSPUR ST. S.W.1

The PACIFIC STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY
GORE'S, WATER STREET
LIVERPOOL

ALSO AT MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW AND SOUTHAMPTON.

KOH-I-NOOR

The Perfect Pencil for writing & drawing

PRICE 6d. each, 5/3 doz., 54/- gross.

From all Stationers, Drawing Material Dealers and Stores.

6D EACH

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 10, Bothwell St. GLASGOW.

Excelsior
GREEK PATENT LEATHER SHOE.
Highly Burnished Steel Buckle.
An admirable Walking Shoe.

GOOD shoes are comparatively scarce. We could not flood the market with

Excelsior Shoes for Ladies

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."

even if we wished to do so. The difficulty of securing adequate supplies of selected skins, free from the slightest blemish and the meticulous care we take in cutting and making the shoes prevents a high rate of production. Yet it is the only way we can guarantee the exceptionally good quality and perfect style that are the well-known features of every Excelsior Shoe.

Both the models illustrated are executed in Patent Leather, but they are also made in Willow Calf, Box Calf, Russia Calf, Real Crocodile, Real Lizard, Real Doeskin, in Beige, Grey, Nigger and White.

Excelsior
SEMI-SPORTS MODEL WALKING SHOE.
Rolled Silver or Gold Buckle.
IDEAL FOR HOLIDAY WEAR.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining "Excelsior" Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL.

WOOLLEN STOCKINETTE SUITS
FOR HOLIDAY OR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR

This attractive and useful Suit is made exclusively for Debenham & Freebody from Woollen Stockinette. It is very becoming and is especially suitable for Holiday or early autumn wear.

WOOLLEN STOCKINETTE SUIT (as sketch), the cardigan coat bound silk braid, smartly cut with breast pocket, and skirt on ample lines bound braid to match. In all new season's shades.

PRICE
9½ Gns.

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.

Catalogue post free.

MOSS BROS & Co LTD
Naval, Military, and Civil Outfitters.

TOWN & Country **KIT**
"Ready-to-Wear"

LOUNGE SUITS
TWEEDS for GOLF
SHOOTING etc.
OVERCOATS
MOTOR COATS
HUNTING COATS
BREECHES etc.
Riding Boots.

Also SADDLERY, Trunks, Binoculars,

Army Officers will find the largest stock in London of Service Uniforms and Full Dress and Mess Kits for all Regiments.

20 & 21 KING STREET, 25, 26, 31 & 32 Bedford St. } COVENT GARDEN, { W.C. 2.

'Phone: 3750-1 Gerrard.
Tel. Add.: "Parsee Rand, London."

As with "Liberty," so with "Scotch Whisky"

—many crimes (of distilling, blending and bottling) are committed in its name. For more than 100 years, the firm of CHARLES MACKINLAY & Co of Leith and Inverness, have purveyed *real* Highland Scotch Whisky, which is *blended where it is distilled, and bottled where it is blended.* That is why **"There's a Highland Flavour About It."**

MACKINLAY'S (M.L.) *Liqueur* SCOTCH WHISKY costs **13/6** Per Bottle. When you taste it, you will realize the reason for the price.

MACKINLAY'S
ML *Liqueur*
SCOTCH WHISKY

CHAS. MACKINLAY & Co.
Distillers & Blenders, Leith & Inverness. *London Address*, 59 Mark Lane, E.C.3

Wonderful Value in Platinum and Diamond Wrist Watches at J. C. Vickery's

£45

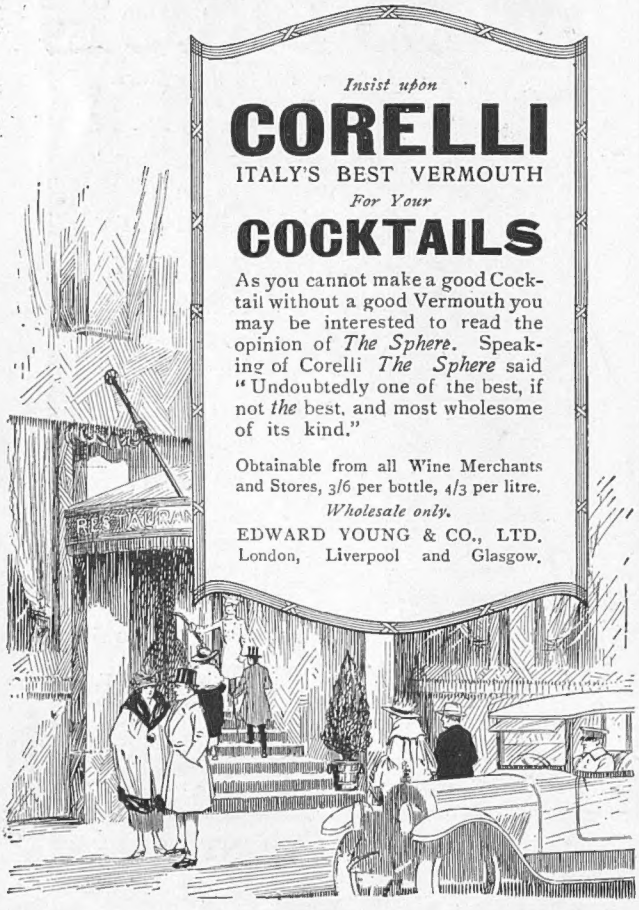
£40

£39 10 0

All Platinum and Fine Diamond Wrist Watches, most reliable Jewelled movements. **£45, £40 & £39 10 0**

A splendid selection to choose from.

J·C VICKERY
177 to 183 REGENT ST, LONDON, W·1·
By Appointment Silversmith etc. to H.M. the King Jeweller to H.M. the Queen Silversmith to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales



Insist upon

CORELLI

ITALY'S BEST VERMOUTH

For Your

COCKTAILS

As you cannot make a good Cocktail without a good Vermouth you may be interested to read the opinion of *The Sphere*. Speaking of Corelli *The Sphere* said "Undoubtedly one of the best, if not *the* best, and most wholesome of its kind."

Obtainable from all Wine Merchants and Stores, 3/6 per bottle, 4/3 per litre.

Wholesale only.

EDWARD YOUNG & CO., LTD.
London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

The PROOF of Quality.

SHELL is the only Motor Spirit

supplied to dealers and garages in bulk, for resale through kerbside petrol pumps, with the stipulation that it is to be stored and retailed separately—

NOT MIXED

with any other brand or grade.

These conditions are made in the interests of the motoring public equally with our own. We know that in "Shell" we possess infinitely the best motor spirit procurable, and we cannot risk its use for raising the quality of inferior brands or grades of petrol.

To Ensure the Best Running, Use Shell Spirit and

SHELL Motor Lubricating OIL

SHELL-MEX, LTD.
Shell Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

S 24

The Bystander, September 6, 1922 No. 979. Vol. LXXV

The BYSTANDER

BY D. L. GHILCHIK

THE SAME OLD GAME

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY AT 2.30 and 7.45
VIOLET VANBRUGH & CO. in
"THE DIFFERENCE"
AND STAR COMPANY.

ADELPHI, (Ger. 2645). THE WAY OF AN EAGLE
"ANOTHER 'DELL' TRIUMPH"
Godfrey Tearle, Marjorie Gordon, Jessie Winter, Austin Fairman.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINÉES TUES. & THURS. at 2.30.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
Phyllis Dare, Huntley Wright, Harry Welchman, Alec Fraser.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LOHR.
Evenings at 8.15. 1st Mat., Saturday September 9, at 2.30.
THE RETURN of MARIE LÖHR in
"THE RETURN."

LYRIC. Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., WED. & Sat. at 2.15.
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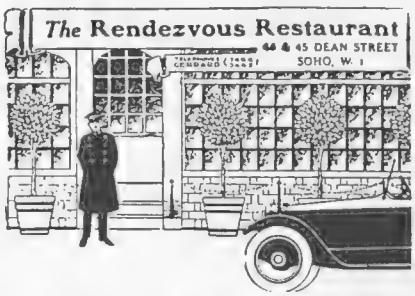

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

THE "CLOSE SEASONS" FOR CERTAIN SPORTS

THE EXCLUSIVE PORTALS OF THE SAVAGE CLUB

A Glut of Sport

At this season of the year, when summer lingering should warm the lap of autumn—but doesn't—there is a positive glut of sport. You are a keen cricketer, and a friend asks you to accompany him to the match. He doesn't specify whom the game is between, but any match is better than no match, and so, off you go, to find yourself at the football turnstiles—a thing you loathe above everything else in the world. Contrariwise, a football fan finds himself at a cricket match, a, for him, most depressing experience.

The S.P.C.F.

Eventually, I suppose, the various "close seasons," for certain sports will be altered. Summer seems to get later every year, and we shall find the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Footballers seeking legislation to prevent the winter pastime starting before Christmas. Even though the kick-off is timed for six o'clock in the evening, who wants to rush about at the sultry close of a broiling hot day?

Those Poor Partridges

And take the case of the poor partridge, who finds himself bustled about from one field of stubble to another, or forced to fly from the cool shade of his favourite turnip tops. Such is the lack of skill of the newer school of sportsmen, he doesn't run much risk of losing his life, but it is very hot work getting out of the way of the amateur Nimrod, and the noise and smell of burnt powder must be terribly trying to his nerves on a close day. Personally, I like to see the sun shining on the "Glorious First," but that has nothing to do with the actual business in hand. Rather, I am thinking of lunch in the shade of a hayrick and a whisky and soda—with the soda taken from the ice.

Out of Date

No, as we sympathise with the players of games so we must sympathise with the partridges. Perhaps, if we give them another month's grace, they will respond by postponing their breeding season, and not be *too* strong on the wing when we set about them in October.

The pheasants and the partridges
  And other birds that fly,
Are never shot
When days are hot,
It is a privilege they've got—
  I often wonder why.
But, nowadays, I beg to state
This rhyme is nearly out of date.

Batsman and Author, Too!

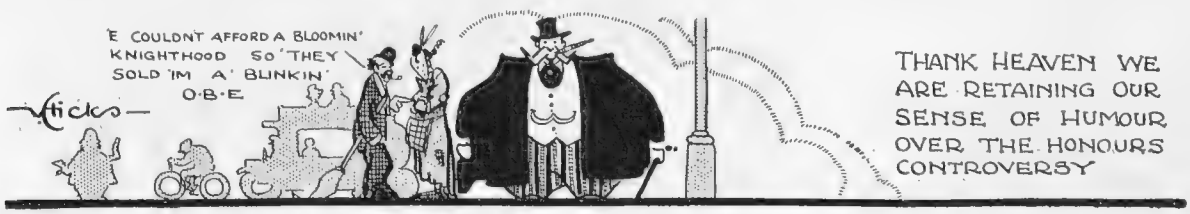
Gilbert Jessop's book on cricket has been hailed as a masterpiece of its kind, for the great little man has always been as ready with his pen as he was with his bat. When he was contributing weekly articles to the Press, the excellence of his prose won him membership to the exclusive portals of the Savage Club, and he has never descended to the questionable expedient of allowing hack journalists to write his articles for him. As a result, his book is as full of personality as were his great performances on the cricket field.

Village Cricket

At a recent match at the Oval, the playing pitch was prepared at the Pavilion end, and young Abel nearly killed himself running fours and fives when the ball failed to reach the boundary. I wonder why Jessop's reminiscences didn't include a certain village match in Oxfordshire, when he scored 189 off his own bat, and ran them all out? Jessop, himself, never turned a hair, but the unknown hero who was with him throughout the innings, and scored a few on his own account, has had a groggy knee ever since.

The Drama "Down Under"

Ran into Hugh Ward, the great Australian impressario, during the week-end, and learned a lot about theatrical conditions "down under." I asked Mr. Ward if they were founding a native school of drama, and he replied that the bulk of his productions still had to be imported. We know, of course, that the Australian play stands a poor chance of success in our own West End, and London successes



BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

have to be carefully selected and slightly gingered up before they are acceptable in Sydney and Melbourne. Australia loses its promising dramatists, who come to London when they begin to feel their feet—the late Haddon Chambers was an example of this.

By A. E. Bestall

"ATTA B(U)OY!—SAM!"

—They Fade Away

CERTAIN people are very perturbed because Treasury Notes bearing the name of Bradbury are still in existence. Responding to their queries, my morning paper explains that these notes will be kept in circulation until they are worn out, the paragraph being headed "'Bradburys' Never Die." It may be true that they never die, but, like the old soldier of the song, they most certainly fade away!

On Appro.

THANK heaven we are retaining our sense of humour over the Honours controversy. I was at a dinner the other night, at which one North Country magnate was pulling the leg of a ditto, ditto, and the story went somewhat as follows: They offered William a knighthood, but he said, "No! I want one like Tom got, or I'll have nothing. How much will it cost?" When he was told, he said, "That's all right, but suppose I don't like it when I've got it, can I have my money back?" No one enjoyed the joke more than the victim of this entirely apocryphal story.

Modern Amazons

I LIKE the story of the lady who "meted out the punishment he deserved" to a fellow-dancer at a fashionable resort who was supposed to have ill-treated her partner—a much smaller man. This sort of thing will hasten the equality of the sexes more than all the talking in the world. Not so very long ago I was on the West Pier at Brighton, when a rather usual type of holiday cad had something rather fresh to say to a girl who was passing. Whereupon the lady gave him a most tremendous bang on the nose, and the incident closed happily for all concerned.

Oysters in Orgust

OYSTERS are in again, and the jaded City man who mislays his appetite in the rush of business can fortify himself with a dozen of "best natives." The English summer is never much to write home about, but it would be much more bearable if we could have an R in each of those months, which, under the new conditions, would be known as Mary and Orgust. Naturally there would be a protest from the oysters, but you can't please everybody:

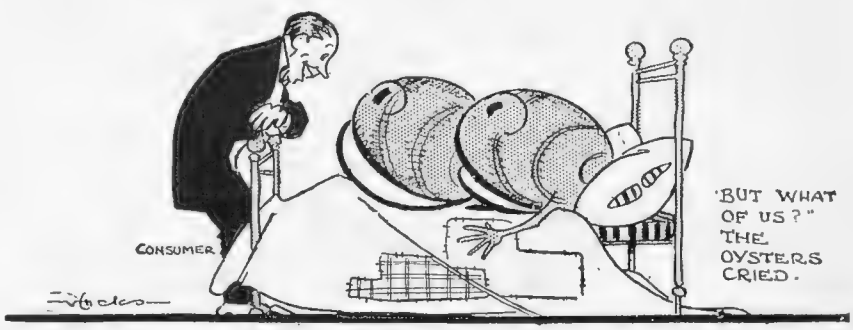
"But what of us?" the Oysters cried,
Feeling a trifle blue.
"To put an R in every month
Is *most* unkind of you.
Don't eat us in the wintertime,
And in the summer, too!"

Log-Rolling

AMBITIOUS young novelists are busy writing to the papers and enclosing lists of books suitable for holiday reading. They start off with one or two respectable old classics, pop in one of their own, and finish up with *If Winter Comes* or *This Freedom*. Then their first cousins on the distaff side follow up with vigorous attacks on the respectable old classics, but assert that the inclusion of a novel by that brilliant newcomer, Wilfrid Whatsisname, goes far to justify the list. Oh, it's a great game, played slow!

Confusion Confounded

ISN'T it time that we overhauled the nomenclature of our streets and villages. Endless trouble is caused by the fact that every district of London contains a Duke Street, King Street, or Queen's Road to which letters can be wrongly addressed. There is a Shoreham in Kent and a Shoreham in Sussex, while



HOW GREEK *IS* TO MEET GREEK; CAN'T QUITE SEE! By E. T. Reed

Tino (*in trouble as usual*): "'Fraid I haven't exactly got the '*Bird-Face*' that seems so useful on these occasions, but, 'pon my soul, *I shall have to do a bit of 'glidin'*' to get over *this*!!"

(The capture of Afium Karahissar by the Kemalist Turks cuts off a great part of the Greek Army from its base at Smyrna)

the neighbouring Sussex village of Southwick has its duplicate in the neighbouring county of Hampshire. Is it surprising that a Cobham (Surrey) cricket team waited in vain for an opposing eleven which journeyed in mistake to Cobham (Kent)?

Sleep On!

How long should we sleep? You would think the answer would be "Until we wake up," but that obvious reply meets with a good deal of opposition—largely backed, I imagine, by makers of alarm clocks, who fear to see their occupation gone. These wretched fellows would have us believe that six hours sleep is enough for any man, and that you cannot be a good citizen unless you are jerked out of your happy dreams by the clangour of their infernal machines. And *that* is why breakfast is the miserable meal it so often is.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Family Names

WYNYARD PARK, near Stockton-on-Tees, where Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles have been staying for the Stockton Races, came to the Londonderry family about a hundred years ago through the marriage of the fourth Marquis with Lady Frances Vane-Tempest, the only child of Sir Harry Vane-Tempest, owner of Wynyard and all the valuable Londonderry property in Durham, who married a Countess of Antrim in her own right.

Up to that time the Londonderry family name had been Stewart, but upon his marriage with the Vane-Tempest heiress the fourth Marquis added the name of Vane, and they became Vane-Stewarts. His son, however, by Royal license, took the name of Vane-Tempest, and for a generation all the sons and daughters of the house and the collaterals were Vane-Tempests, every one of them. The late Marquis, by a special Royal license, reverted to the old Londonderry name of Stewart a year after his accession to the title. This is why Lady Ilchester, Lord Londonderry's sister, was Lady Helen Stewart before her marriage, and his daughters bear the same name, whilst all their cousins and relatives a little farther off are Vane-Tempests. It is rather muddling, but the legal family name as set out in marriage settlements and other legal deeds is Vane-Tempest-Stewart.

The Londonderrys had their beginning at Mount Stewart in Co. Down, which belonged to them so far back as the time of Charles I, so one can understand the late Marquis wishing to use the old family name in place of two brought into the family by an heiress.

That heiress, Frances, Marchioness of Londonderry, was a great figure in London Society. She was the first woman to wear a pearl necklace in the daytime, and when she gave parties at Londonderry House she used to sit on a kind of throne underneath a canopy emblazoned with the Londonderry and Vane-Tempest arms.

The Marquis and the Fire

THE Wynyard with its magnificent Corinthian portico and great reception rooms, where Princess Mary has been staying, is not the Wynyard brought by the Vane-Tempest heiress. That was burnt down about twenty years after her marriage to the fourth Marquis of Londonderry, who wrote, "For reasons only known to Himself, Almighty God has thought fit to burn my house in the county of Durham."

The Tyranny of Passports

I WONDER why the little States, of whose "self-determination" we heard so much about at the end of the War, should have evolved a system of regulations concerning foreigners visiting their countries which out-Herod the most tiresome rules of the old Tsarist *régime* in Russia.

For instance, if you want to go to Czecho-Slovakia, you have to state the length of your proposed sojourn, which may not be more than a month. But if you go to one of the Czecho-Slovakian spas you are graciously allowed to stay longer, provided you take a doctor's certificate to the police. Then, you mayn't take more than £10 in foreign money into the country. At the frontier you have to declare the amount you have in your pockets. How the Czecho-Slovakian authorities think you are going to pay a month's hotel bills on £10 is a mystery, especially as, from what I hear, English cheques are not regarded with a kindly eye by hotel managers *là-bas*.

The Czecho-Slovakian Legation in London could certainly be a little more considerate to intending visitors to the new Republic. Its office hours are from 10 to 12, and 2 to 4. A friend of mine who is going to Czecho-Slovakia went with his passport at two o'clock. He was kept waiting for twenty minutes before he was ushered into a room where two clerks were engaged upon their labours. A quarter

Photograph *Alfieri*

LADY JOAN MULHOLLAND

On board one of the R.M.S.P. boats visiting the glorious fjords of Norway, which have been much frequented this year. Lady Joan is a half-sister of the Earl of Strafford and the widow of the eldest son of Baron Dunleath, who was killed in 1914. She was Princess Mary's lady-in-waiting for some years

Photograph *Jas. C. H. Balmain*

CELEBRITIES ON THE NORTH BERWICK LINKS

The Countess of Derby, Mrs. Sassoon, Grace Countess of Wemyss and Madame Leopold de Rothschild (standing) awaiting their turn on the first tee of these very popular links. It is to be wondered what happens to the Scot during the August-September invasion from the South. Like the flies in winter time, he seems to disappear entirely from his native links

of an hour passed, my friend and three other seekers of the *visé* standing behind a counter; the clerks oblivious of all except their *paperasserie*.

"Time does not seem to count for much here," my friend said to his neighbour. The reply was very much to the point.

Up jumped one of the clerks and collected the passports with the papers their holders had filled up—papers which only lacked finger prints to be a complete criminal *dossier*. A lengthy pause followed, the clerks resuming their work on the *paperasserie*. Finally, my friend asked if he could have his passport. He was told that the "gentleman who signed the *visé*" would not be in until three o'clock. He spoke winged words, and in five minutes his passport arrived duly *visé*.

This passport system is becoming an absurd tyranny. To go to Czecho-Slovakia you must first get an endorsement from our own Passport Office, then a *visé* from the Czecho-Slovakian Legation, and another from the Germans. The three together meant a total of five hours waiting to my friend—a busy man and doubly pressed on the eve of a holiday. And the more respectable you are the more annoying it is. If you were an international luggage-thief, a Bolshevik propagandist, or a cocaine-smuggler it would be all part of the game.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE HON. KATE HORNE

A recent camera portrait of General Lord and Lady Horne's only daughter whose engagement to Major Howson, late R.H.A., is announced. Major Howson was General Horne's Aide-de-camp for some time

The Prince's Hunting

THERE is great rejoicing in Wiltshire over the news that the Prince of Wales has taken Easton Grey, near Malmesbury, for the hunting season. Easton Grey is in the Badminton country, and there is good hunting, too, with other packs, so the Prince will have a wide choice, and as many days as he can fit in. The choice, however, has come as a surprise, as everybody thought, that if the Prince took a place anywhere for hunting it would be in the Northamptonshire region.

"Tubby"

"TUBBY" CLAYTON has more friends amongst high and low, gentle and simple than anyone I have ever met. It began in Poperinghe when he became the friend of every British soldier who found his way to Talbot House—that haven of cheer and friendliness—over which "Tubby" presided with a cherubic smile in a world of slush and misery. The Army gave it a code name, "Toc H," and since the War, "Tubby" has been carrying on the same work in London and the big cities. Now, after working like a dray-horse to establish his "Toc H's," and setting them on their feet, he has been appointed to the Vicarage of All Hallows, Barking, and there will be a rain of congratulations from everybody.

Cumberland Lodge

THE announcement that Princess Christian is giving up Cumberland Lodge has caused deep regret at Windsor. It has been known for some time that the Princess contemplated the step, but it was hoped that circumstances might enable her to remain on. Cumberland Lodge, added to Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, means a heavy expense in upkeep. The house, which belongs to

Photograph] **LADY CHESHAM** *[Topical*

Who secured a win on "Gannock" at last week's Banbury Horse Show. Lady Chesham is a very keen horsewoman. A daughter of the late John Layton Mills, of Tansor Court, Oundle, she married the fourth Baron Chesham in 1915

Photograph *Alfieri*

AT ROMSEY HORSE SHOW

Constance Duchess of Westminster with her younger daughter, Lady Mary Grosvenor, at Romsey Agricultural and Horse Show Society's annual show at Broadlands Park, the residence of Colonel Wilfrid Ashley

the Crown, is extremely comfortable. It is expected that some day it will be assigned as a residence for one of the younger Princes.

Do You See It?

HAVE you heard this? A Cockney young woman after a course of French was being examined. "What is 'to live'?" asked the examiner; "*Vivre*," came the prompt reply. "And to die?" "*Aujourd'hui*," said the maiden.

The funny thing is that a lot of people don't see the point.

DEAUVILLE JOTTINGS

ACTUALLY a whole fine week-end for the Grand Prix, with never a cloud nor a spot of rain. Deauville could hardly believe in its good fortune, and the new arrivals poured in from every train that was sent off from Paris in rapid succession, and most of those coming by car had to go back the same night, for there was not a room to be had at even the most nerve-wracking prices. To see them go off again was bewildering. The station resembled nothing more or less than a free fight, and the spirit of commercialism went so far that various enterprising individuals took platform tickets, boarded the trains, and then sold the seats they had obtained to the highest bidders. Surely the Etat railway company should look into this and put a stop to it.

A DEAUVILLE SNAPSHOT

Mrs. Crockett with Mr. F. W. Egan and Odile at the races. Mr. Egan is manager of the Deauville Polo Club, which, of course, has been the centre of much attraction these last weeks at the Butterfly Plage

THE crowd at the race-course beat all previous records. Of course, they had come just as much to see the King of Spain, the Shah of Persia, and all the other royalties and notabilities as to see the horses. The fashion display was poor compared with other years. Many well-known figures were absent, and it was quite obvious that from a dress point of view Deauville is not what it used to be.

EVERYBODY was commenting on the fact that the King of Spain wore white flannel trousers and a straw hat for the first time. Of such small things is conversation made at Deauville.

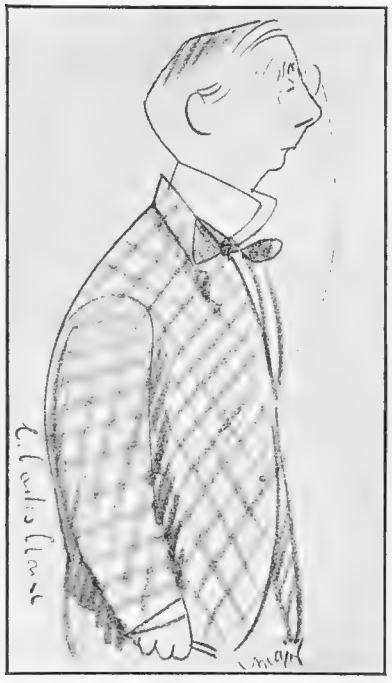
LORD and Lady Wodehouse were there, the latter very smart in black, red, and white *foulard*. Lady Rocksavage and Lady Idina Gordon and Princesse Philippe de Bourbon were also among those in the Grand Stand. Mr. and Mrs. Clement Hobson came, and Major and Mrs. Dudley Gilroy, the Marquis and Marchioness of Milford Haven with Count Michael Torby, the lovely Comtesse de la Maza, who has such wonderful pearls, and whose husband, besides being a first-class and daring polo player, has also entered the bull-ring in Madrid, Sir Alfred Butt, and Régine Flory, whose dresses have been the wonder of Deauville, the famous Dolly Sisters, Mistinguette, and everybody who ever goes to a race meeting in France down to the *mannequins* who go to show the frocks.

THE Polo Club said farewell to the King of Spain with real regret. He has been such a sporting player and has so endeared himself to all who have come in contact with him at Deauville that they can only hope his next visit will be as successful as the first. He has made generous presents of money for the poor of the district to the Mayor and curés of Deauville and Hennequeville. He was glad to see the Madrid team win the International cup on his last day at Deauville. Colonel Bingham, Comte de la Maza, Marquis de Villiabragima and Mr. J. E. A. Traill played against the Freebooters, composed of Lieut. Bailey, Lord Wodehouse, the Duke of Penaranda, and Lord Rocksavage in a very fast and exciting game. The Spaniards proved to be the better team, however, and carried off the cup.

EVERYBODY is having a last flutter at the tables in the hope of making good previous losses, or of winning enough to pay the hotel bill that stretches to enormous proportions during Grand Prix week. André Citroen seems to make a million francs every time he sits down at the green table, and several others have had sensational wins or losses.

AND now the shutters are being put up and the holland covers are being got out, and Deauville will become a peaceful fishing village again until the first days of next July bring the crowd back to it again.

PETETTE



BY "MAJOR"

WELL KNOWN ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE

Mr. Charles Carlos Clarke has brightened the mighty money mart with his checks (and cheques) for the past 48 years, and no ceremony of the City is complete without his festive presence

BY "MAJOR"

SIR WILFRED ATLAY

Chairman of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, and, in his spare time, a J.P. for Bucks, where he has a very delightful house at Great Missenden

Blanchette on Coming Back

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"Catching trains"

LONDON, *September* 4

DEAR COUSIN—

ALWAYS makes one frightfully sad, doesn't it, as someone once said, "to do anything consciously for the last time"? And how specially so, of course, when it's a real d'lightful holiday that comes at last and almost unbelievably to its end.

卐

P'RAPS partly 'cos, for most of us, it's so clearly and inevitably mapped out. Other things have a way of happening unexpectedly sometimes, and quite often with some sort of indefiniteness about 'em even when we know they're bound to come. But this one's so tied up with all sorts of cold, hard, and heart-rending facts.

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NOT only catching trains, I mean, and paying bills, and so on. Other fearfully final things that give you quite a tiny sort of ache at the heart, even though you know that by all manner of right and reason and commonsense they oughtn't really to matter. The last lovely gay supper on the river, f'rinstance, with the last ambrosial-tasting viands eaten to the accompaniment of soft whispering of water amongst the reeds, and wonderful red-gold of evening flushing the glorious sky. . . . The last silent paddle home through the magic of the gentle gathering dusk. . . .

卐

THAT last bathe, too—snatched almost defiantly from the ebbing minutes, with a feeling of hurry behind it all instead of restful, uncounted leisure. "The best of the lot," we always tell ourselves and each other, and yet in the salt of the sea that sunny morning there seems to be a touch of the flavour of tears. . . . And there are lots of other things to be said good-bye to—no, not good-bye, just *au revoir*.

卐

BECAUSE we *shall* come back again, of course, shan't we—next year or even before? Of course . . . but, somehow, it doesn't seem half so certain as that the train starts at the hatefully definite hour of 11.48. Something so brutal about horrid little figures like that, isn't there? Almost wish, these times, we did our travelling like the Indians do—just blow into the station any old time and wait for the next train that comes along!

"These philosophic Orientals"

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THEY'RE really much more of philosophers than we are, you know, these Orientals. What's time, after all? Made for slaves, not for free British holiday-makers—what? Though must say I s'pose it *might* get just a bit irksome after a while, camping out among one's suit-cases and clubs and things for hours and hours, with porters and people coming and staring at you—especially if you hadn't got any *betel*-nut, or anything, to chew, or whatever it is they do do to pass the time.

卐

NOT so bad, either, in the end, when you *have* taken the plunge, is it?—coming back, I mean. And, oh! the joys, too, when you've finally paid off the last taxi and the last trunk's in and the door's closed on the taxi-man's mutterings, of being really and truly home again! The surprising cleanness and peacefulness of it all after the hotel or "digs"! And the rapture of having your own meals in your own room off your own table and sleeping in your own bed!

卐

AND then there's the garden and places to be inspected, with Jinks, the wire-haired, and

"BLANCHETTE ON COMING BACK" (*concluded*)

Chu-Chu, the Peke, tearing madly about and sniffing in every corner to make sure everything's still there just as they left it. And a nice pile of welcoming letters and fresh flowers that delightful people have sent to greet us, and . . . oh! lots and lots of things. Including—London.

卐

WHICH, after all, you know, isn't half a bad place to be in, as we *are* in it, now September's here. Don't even envy—much—the fortunate ones who are starting out for *their* holidays just as we've finished ours. Rather overrated places, these seaside *or* country resorts—what? Certainly on wet days, anyway.

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NOT to mention that London itself really *is* beginning to sit up again already and take a bit of notice, as they say. Court's away at Balmoral for a long while yet, of course, and M.P.s hunting the nimble grouse and wily partridge, and quite a lot of them-that-toil-not-neither-do-they-spin still busily slaying time on the moors, or in yachts, or at Dieppe, or even further afield. But already people are beginning to dribble back, and the autumn wedding season's pushed off and clubs are opening again. While as for the theatres. . . .

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GOING to be, they say, quite one of *the* fullest autumns for plays on record. Seems to be fairly launched, too, what with four first nights this week alone, besides plenty more in the near offing. 'Cluding Mr. Besier's *Secrets*, which sounds partic'larly intriguing, with beautiful Fay Compton as a woman of all ages from eighteen to seventy-five, and frocks dating from 1869 onwards!

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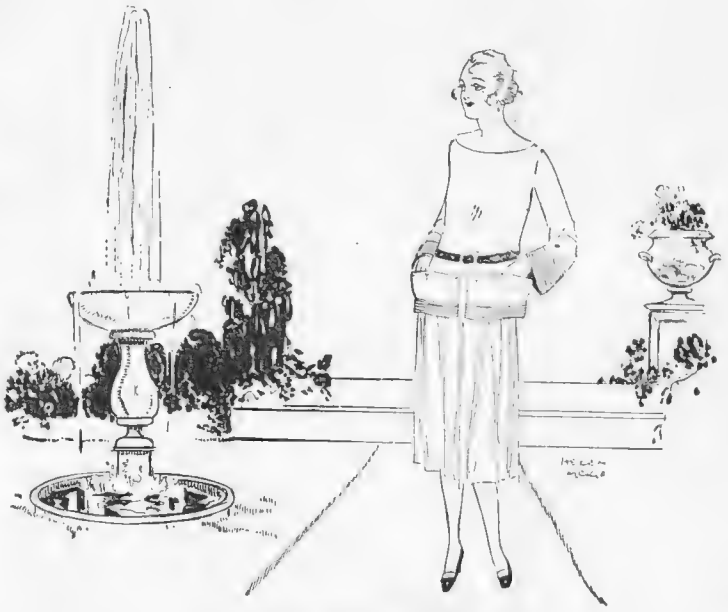
WHICH reminds me—clothes, I mean—haven't noticed *many* of Us yet taking to the Greek fashions that a certain celebrated parson has just been advising us to wear. Says we ought all to have nice long, floppy chitons, or things hanging right to the ground, with lots of nice folds in 'em, and Lenglen-y bandeaus instead of those "extravagant, expensive, and inartistic monuments of feminine vanity" called hats!

卐

IT would suit some of the highbrows (and thick ankles) all right, in its chaste and modest concealment of the charms they haven't got—what? But for the rest of us—well, come to be the fashion these days, hasn't it, to be quite frank about things, as you might say, and, after all, why not? When you've got nothing to be 'shamed of, I mean. And why not be stared at, either? And fancy summonsing a man or something for doing it, like the girl on the Tube or somewhere the other day. Fine 'em for *not* doing it, if you like. That *would* really be what they call "insulting behaviour," wouldn't it?



"And there's the Garden to inspect"

卐

CAN'T imagine what *harm* it could do anyone, anyway, even if she's one of the Totts of Tottenham, as they say in that really d'lightful show, *Whirled Into Happiness*, at the Lyric. Which, I don't mind telling you, is quite one of the best things in the way of musical mixtures I've seen yet, what with darling little Billy Merson making you laugh fit to split your new Reville frock half the time, and Derek Oldham and Winnie Melville soothing you into nice goo-goo-eyed sentimentalism with their (not too frightfully serious) love songs the other half. Not to mention Mai Bacon as the most fascinatingly underclothed adventuress that ever wrecked a happy home! Must say I do like my theatres *cheerful*, don't you?

With love, yours ever,

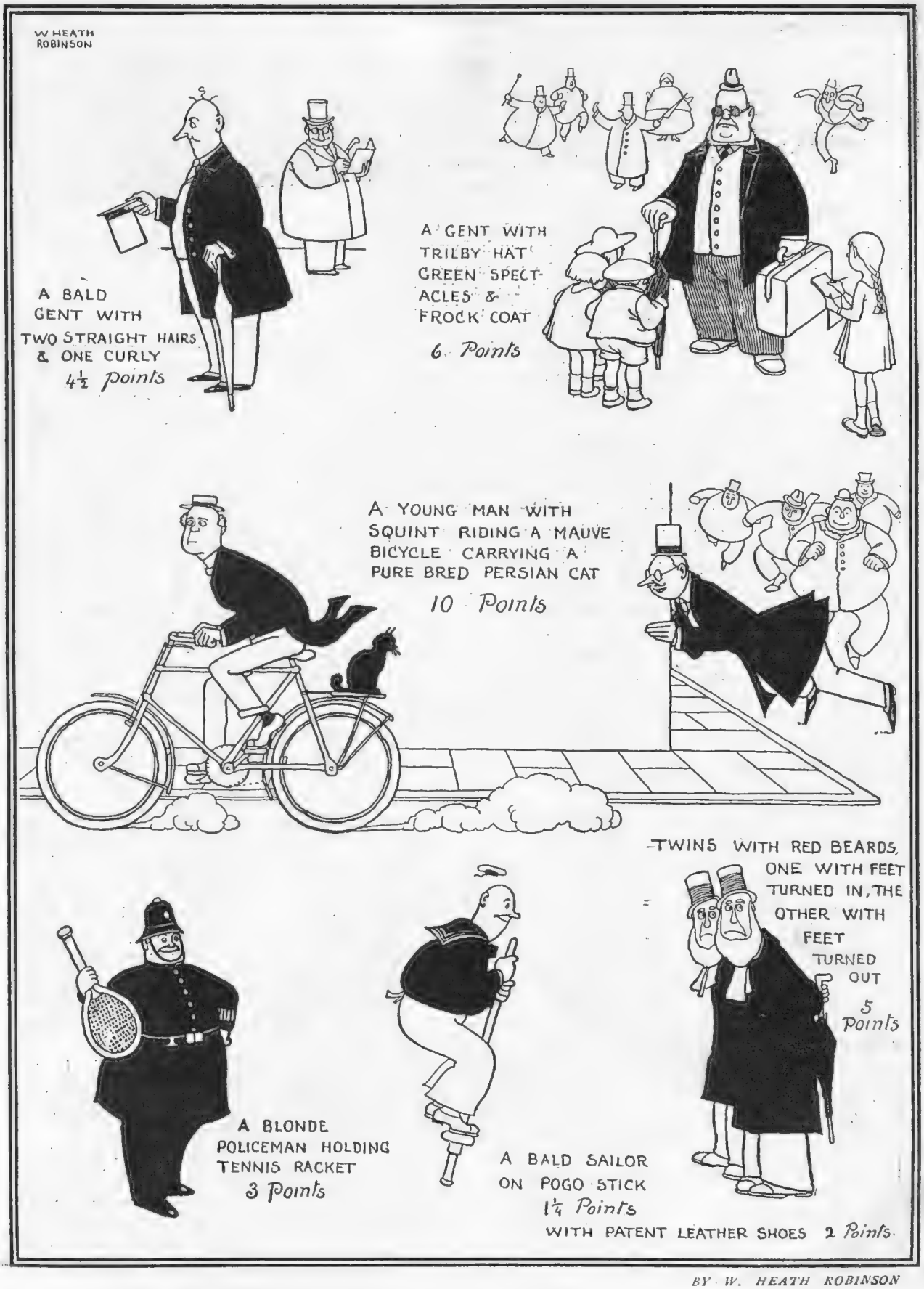
BLANCHETTE

"A Gipsy Cavalier"

WHEN Georges Carpentier quitted the ring to appear temporarily on the screen we anticipated a big success or a bad failure; fortunately, he has achieved the former, and, in Mr. J. Stuart Blackton's latest super-film, "A Gipsy Cavalier," Georges blossoms into the most attractive of screen heroes, making love to the beautiful heroine, thrashing the villain, fighting whole posses of police, and riding horses at break-neck pace with the same happy smile and graceful bearing with which he dismisses would-be champions from the ring. He plays the dual rôle of a "dem'd popinjay" and a fighting Romany. The story, laid at Bath in the days of powder and patches, is not startlingly original, but is packed with vigorous action, which includes a prize-fight—this for the benefit of Carpentier—and culminates in a real thrill, where he rescues the heroine, Miss Flora Le Breton, from a post-chaise in a raging torrent. William Luff, as King of the Gipsies, Rex McDougall, as the villain, and Mary Clare as his rejected flame, are consistently good throughout, and a splendid little study of a bibulous and amorous brokers' man is that of Hubert Carter.

R. B.

A New Game for Bystanders



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

"BADGER." (Specially adapted for rapid scoring)

MY LITTLE LAPSE

By ROBERT ERSTONE FORBES

I SHALL have to do something about it.

This absent-mindedness, I mean. . . .

I wouldn't mind, if the things I do weren't so *silly*.

Yet I have the utmost contempt for absent-mindedness in others. The man who hunts everywhere for his spectacles, only to be shown that they are safely at rest on the bridge of his nose, deserves all the laughter he causes. So, too, the idiot who goes out to a party minus his tie should never receive another invitation. I once knew a careful old gentleman who for years had been accustomed to go round his house last thing at night with a candle to see that the gas was everywhere properly turned out. He moved into another house which had electric light, but on the first night was found by his astonished son examining the globes with the usual candle. And on one occasion I saw another old gentleman ambling along in a downpour holding over his head—a walking-stick. I admit I had no pity for either of these two old fossils.

And yet——

Only last week I went up to my bedroom to dress for dinner. I must have been thinking of my work. The bed-clothes had been turned down. I undressed, and got in, and when the maid came to announce dinner I was peacefully asleep. But that didn't matter so much. I was able to make up some excuse for my lateness. No, the particular form which my absent-mindedness nearly always takes is one from which there is no dignified escape.

This is what happened only this morning.

I had to go out early to see a friend. He lives some distance away, but we are both, so to speak, on the Inner Circle. I went to the railway station, and found a queue outside the booking-office window. People were impatient because there was an old lady who wanted to know how to get from Liverpool to Newcastle or something of that sort. I wondered how anyone could be so selfish as to play the fool in that way during the busiest hours, but when at last I reached the window, with my change all ready and my destination clearly in my head, things went wrong.

"Edgware Road," said I, in my most businesslike way, and moved on a few inches to allow the next man to get into position.

The pasty-faced youth through the window showed so signs of producing the ticket. He just stared.

"Edgware Road," I repeated in a louder voice, and the youth merely looked bored.

I could feel the ever-growing queue behind me becoming impatient, and a sudden rage filled my heart. The pasty-faced youth must know how keen I was to get on, yet took a mischievous delight in keeping me waiting.

"Edg——." I was beginning for a third time, but providentially stopped.

I had just remembered that I was in Edgware Road Station at the time.

Maddening, isn't it? And it happens nearly every week.

Is there a cure?

By VICTOR HICKS

"Jack was the goal of my ambition"
"Well, dear?"
"F—F—Father kicked the goal"

By ARTHUR FERRIER

A CHOICE OF TWO EVILS

"Do you know, Sam, I'm so worried his teeth won't grow straight"
"H'm, yes, but wouldn't it be the limit if he didn't care for golf!"

The Inquisition of the Argentine

BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU

SOME FORMALITIES BEFORE LANDING AT BUENOS AIRES

The day before entering the port of B.A. all liners are boarded by the Argentine authorities, and a R.M.S.P. saloon is turned into a veritable chamber of inquisition, reminiscent of the early days of the Spanish occupation. It is easier to pass through the proverbial needle's eye than to enter the Republica Argentina without your credentials in order

AN ARMY ONCE AGAIN

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

"The souvenir-hunting 'Froline'"

THE hope of the British Rhine Force to find itself an Army once again, expressed in these pages as far back as last September, has at last been fulfilled. The long-promised six battalions from Silesia have returned, leaving the Kilkenny cats of Prussia's Ireland to themselves. Like the original brand of Free Staters and Republicans, in the absence of the authorised khaki targets, Poles and Germans are making very good practice at one another to the great relief of all (except those most intimately) concerned. Cologne was certainly pleased to see the swing of the kilts again, if only for a short time, and the souvenir-hunting "Froline" is making a dead set at those fascinating back badges of the "Fore and Afts."

THE souvenir vendors—the enterprising gentlemen who have still to unload large stocks of "Cologne Cathedrals for der vest coat pocket" and everything imaginable, from knives to ladies' underwear stamped with its inevitable spires (or the Union Jack), are rubbing their hands in glee. Polo, tennis, army racing, and the "Deutches" theatre have respectably sized audiences again, and everything in the garden is lovely. Though Silesia's High Commission passed quickly from our midst in the special train it arrived in (with special coaches, say the mere army men, containing eighteen tons of baggage, including its very special accumulated pay), the soldiers remain, at least for a space. Not the least pleased to see them are the good burghers of Cologne. With the threat of—

> Putsches from Right of them,
> Putsches from Left of them,
> Food riots in front of them—
> Donner und Blitzen!

in the immediate future, the gentlemen living in the marble palaces round about the Deutcher Ring and the Volksgarten have re-discovered the depths of their affection for the "*lieber Englander*," whom they were so pleased to have billeted on them in the early days of revolution in 1918—and have been trying so hard to get rid of ever since.

PLEASANT trout-streams flowing through thickly wooded valleys or past vine-clad terraces, which promise, as all the world (outside that hapless land which thirsteth like a fire unquenched), will be interested to learn, to give a noble yield this year, are a welcome change from the Silesian wilderness of factories, mines, and acres of unrelieved flatness. Pleasanter, also, is it to watch aged but wily trout leaping at flies than to be obliged to display similar agility oneself to dodge the bullets of the "Polak" bandit and his "Self-Protection Force" opponent.

SILHOUETTES BY H. L. OAKLEY

"Sadly he revised his price-list"

THE hotel-keeper is having quite a rough time (except in Cologne itself, with its huge "quick-transit" business population), and finds precious little sympathy anywhere in his troubles. Having arranged to charge double and treble prices to foreigners (to the terrific joy of the "All-Deutschen"), he naturally began to snub his less profitable German customers, and keep his rooms for the more fleeceable foreigner. All would have been perfect had not the latter got the tip—and stayed away. Morning after morning mine host stood beneath his swinging sign greeting the dawn with an ineradicable smile—night after night his solitary footsteps re-echoed down empty corridors as the mocking moon gazed down on silent—for him, far too silent—forest, lake, or mountain. Transatlantic turbines throbbed in mid-ocean—but the bags of dollars they propel ed were, somehow, never dumped at his door. Sadly he revised his price-list, and with a "rush-copy" of that charming smile, turned to his fellow-countrymen. But though his business had been standing still, the agile mark had not, and the response was chilly.

THAT is why you can read in the newspapers advertisements in which the alleged most luxurious hotel in Germany offers pension terms from four shillings a day, and well-known hotels in the paradise of the Black Forest invite English custom at under a pound a week.

GERMANY is about to pay us the compliment of replacing French by our own language as the first foreign tongue to be learned in her schools. The class for future *hôteliers* could not do better than begin with a book of English proverbs, including such homely sayings as "Honesty is the best policy," "Once bit, twice shy," and "The burnt child dreads the fire."

ERIC GORDON GEDYE

A Fisherman's Holiday

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND ENJOYS HIS FAVOURITE SPORT

LADY BERNARD GORDON-LENNOX AND (Right) HER SON

Enjoying the salmon thrills of the Spey, most exciting of all Scotland's fishing rivers. Master Alexander ("Sandy") Gordon-Lennox, Lady Bernard's second son, is a keen disciple of the art of the rod

Photographs *Central News*

LORD ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON

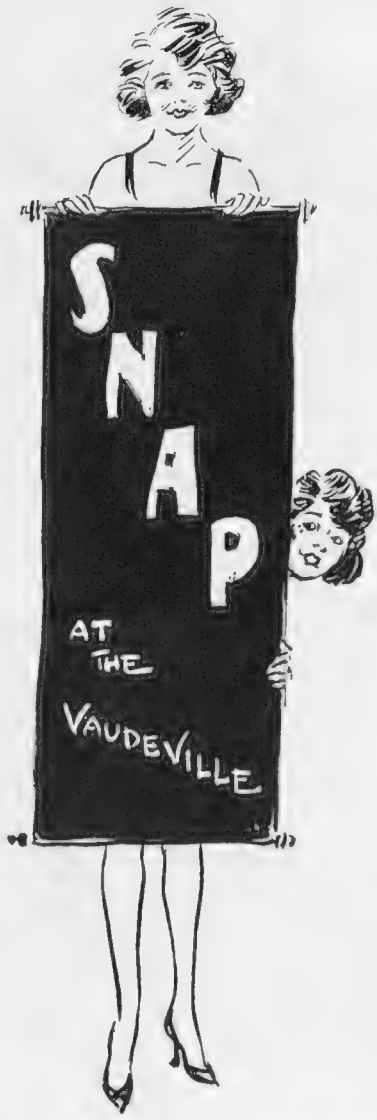
The Duke of Richmond is enjoying with several members of his family some excellent salmon fishing in the Spey, which is of course immediately close to Gordon Castle, Fochabers. Lord Esmé is the Duke's second son and married, in 1909, the Hon. Hermione Fellowes, a daughter of the second Baron de Ramsey

A Pensive Portrait

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MISS JOAN MORGAN

Who is only one of the many beautiful and attractive girls in André Charlot's persistently successful "A to Z" at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Miss Morgan has played in several British films, and has only recently joined the ranks of the clever people in Coventry Street



BY "JINGLE." *ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL*

Produced on the 11th of August

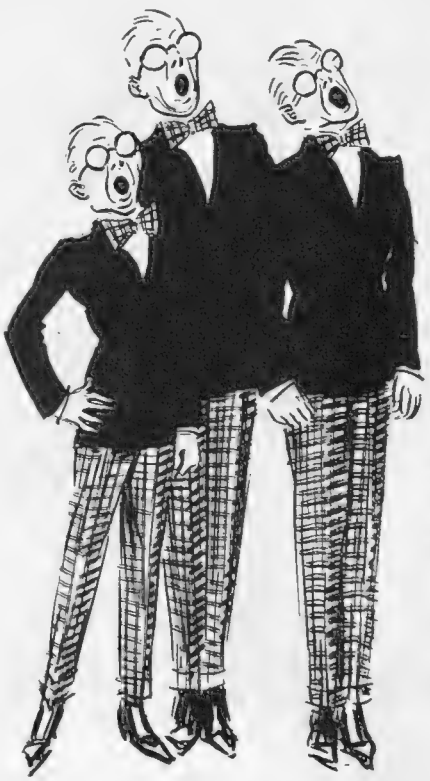
SOMETIMES I think Managers ought to give notice of questions of this kind, as you might say. You go to the theatre expecting the usual mixture of weather-worn material, and you find yourself up against a heap of original and boisterous merriment that compels you to sit up and take notice all the time. The fun of this show gets you, as it were, by the scruff of the neck right from the start, and compels a copious indulgence in all the recognised forms of hilarity, from the grin subdued to the shout regardless. Myself, I laughed till the unbidden tear stole down my furrowed cheek, as some poet put it somewhere.

THE show begins, appropriately enough, at breakfast-time, when it is alleged that the English are at their best—or worst. Samples of both styles are freely supplied, ranging from the exquisite young lady who needs nothing more substantial for breakfast than the stimulating perfume of a basket of violets, to the offensively healthy fellow who has risen early and walked miles and miles before breakfast, arriving at table with the appetite of an ostrich. The breakfasters appear on the scene one after another, and just as they have all made up their minds how they will spend the day the last arrival, a simpering, fatuous lady, flutters in and says she has a splendid idea. It is that the company shall spend the day in the manner that they have just decided unanimously to avoid. There is not much in the story, but the acting and the sketches of character make the scene noteworthy.

THE cleverest and most original turn on the first half of the programme is an informative skit on the newspaper insurance stunt. As is now generally known, by subscribing regularly to a particular morning paper you become eligible for a weekly cash benefit as long as you remain more or less incapacitated as the result of an accident. In the altered times in which we live, it seems that even one of our Cabinet Ministers, the victim of an accident, did not hesitate recently to claim his newspaper dole. The anxiety, therefore, of people less liberally endowed from the public funds to qualify for an indemnity of the kind is easily understandable. But what are you to do if you want the money and cannot have an accident? The answer is, apparently, that the accident must be arranged. Thus in an uproariously droll scene we have Miss Clarice Mayne, as the Mother of the Family, deploring the fact that the children cannot go away to the seaside because no accident has yet happened to Father, notwithstanding the fact that the insurance coupon was signed and delivered some days previously.

IN their desperate straits the family lay all sorts of pretty little traps in the hope that Father will be thereby endowed with the profitable blessing of a broken limb, and as the traps increase in number and ingenuity the joyous comments of the audience develop by degrees into a series of irresponsible shrieks. The scene appears to reveal a hitherto unsuspected aspect of human nature, and it is not without value as a tract for the times. Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, who is the shining light of the whole revue, is in this scene cheerfully dismal as the unhappy Father, clearly predestined to some kind of acute indisposition for the good of the family.

MR. BASKCOMB'S star turn, as it were, is, perhaps, in the rendering of his song, "The Long, Long Wail!" It is preceded by a little back-chat scene in which Mr. Baskcomb as the Pessimist is found debating things in general



THE BROADWAY THREE
HERBERT MUNDIN
DENIS COWLES
AND
ROY ROYSTON

with a thorough-going Optimist. The Pessimist's view is that no matter how bad things are, they will be much worse presently, and after a time the Optimist, with a cheery laugh, leaves him to stew in his own juice. Left thus to himself, Mr. Baskcomb bursts into song. It is an overwhelmingly funny performance, and the singer's abrupt change from the plaintive chant of the itinerant songster to the fine, throaty notes of the bull-necked tenor, evoked so much laughter that the words of the song ceased to matter. By that time the audience was almost as noisy as the performer, and the laughter of some of the ladies appeared to be bordering on the hysterical. I do not think I have before heard a purely comic song rendered with so much appreciation of the value of "business" at every possible moment.

It does not, perhaps, occur to the ordinary person that a heap of really rollicking amusement can be derived from the singing of "Home, Sweet Home." Yet it is here demonstrated that the sweet old song is good for more fun than most of us had believed possible. We get it as the average *prima donna* gives it, with every possible labial inflection, and then we get other versions by a frivolous soubrette, and by a common, shirt-fronted comedian. But the scream of the turn is a version of the dear homeland song by "The Broadway Three" (horn-rimmed glasses included), at an average speed of sixty per. It is quite a brilliant specimen of the little nonsense that now and then, is, as we are told, relished by the wisest men.

Almost original song with a strangely haunting melody is "Shuffling Along." Scenes illustrate the verses as the song proceeds and impart to it a most impressive realism. A tired nigger is "shuffling along" towards the old home, presumably in Dixie, as I understand that that is the place upon which the nostalgic have practically a strangle-hold. Across the half-darkened stage he may be seen moving slowly with the characteristic shuffle of the down-at-heel darkie, and we track him over hill and dale and through the cotton plantations to his coal-black mammie's home. After a brief greeting he is informed that his gal has gone to join the angels, or gestures to that effect, and he bows his head in sorrow and sets out on the tramp again. It is not immediately clear to me why a nigger who has shuffled along toilsomely to meet de ole folks at home should at once shuffle off again on hearing that his gal is dead; but it is probably poetical license, or something of that sort. In any case, the combination of song and scenery is most ingenious and impressive, while the ringing mournfulness of the melody is not easy to forget.

There is a scene entitled "Relativity," named after the theory of the bewildering Einstein, but developed on less severely scientific lines. Mr. Baskcomb here appears as an elderly widow (with a voice that makes you think of a scratchy slate-pencil), to whom a learned young man attempts to explain part of the theory of relativity, and succeeds only in conveying the impression that he is claiming to be related to the family on the grandfather's side, or something of that sort. It is a very ably written sketch, and Mr. Baskcomb gets a laugh out of every line. The modern revue seems almost to be an efficient substitute for the old repertory system. Miss Cicely Debenham, for instance, appears in seven different parts, at one time merely a pretty girl, at another an elderly widow full of guile, and so on. Miss Clarice Mayne divides her energies between delicate humour and graceful sentiment, and she is, as it were, the official songstress of the evening. *Snap!* is an entertainment for which to return grateful thanks.

Jingle

BY MACMICHAEL

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF "SNAP" AT THE VAUDEVILLE

Men, Women, and

A luncheon break during the day's shooting on Sir Thomas Pilk with a large party has been securing good bags. From lef Mrs. G. Heygate, Capt. Harry Whitworth, Mr. Parker Rh Dobson, Mr. Francis D

Lord Woolavington has been entertaining a large party for the grouse shooting over the Mannock Moors which have been productive of some excellent shooting. Sir Walter Gilbey waits for the beaters to drive up the birds. In the top photograph, Mr Howard Gould is also seen playing the waiting game in a butt of his brother's (Mr. G. J. Gould) shoot near Castle Grant, Grantown, where he is now living

The Yorkshire Moors have given good shooting this season though on some the birds have been very wild. Mr. J. G. Murray, who has rented Viscount Downe's Danby Moor, is seen taking a bag from his retriever

The Grouse shooting this year has not been productive of the best sport, to fortunately, unfounded, and bags have been comparatively large in spite of nests and chicks, caused high mortality amongst the young birds. Despite and the guns have succeeded in getting the best of the small but fairly nu now dealing adequately (?) with partridge, fine

Guns on the Moors

...n's "Lady Cross" Moor, over which Mr. C. Darley ... right: Major G. Heygate, Sir Frederick Freake, ..., Sir Thomas Pilkington, Mrs. Parker Rhodes, Col. ...er, Mr. C. Darley

Sir Thomas Pilkington and Mrs. Parker Rhodes on the former's Moor near Penistone, over which he has been shooting with Mr. C. Darley's guns. Sir Thomas Pilkington married a daughter of the 4th Earl of Desart

Mr. W. Harrison, a member of Lord Woolavington's house party, in one of the butts on the Mannock Moors, over which the guns maintained a steady and effective fire, resulting in high casualties among the grouse. Above is Mr. Francis Darley, who would seem to have spotted a high one. He is shooting over Sir Thomas Pilkington's Moors and some good bags have fallen to his gun

...ough the pessimism which was prevalent on "the Twelfth" has been, ...disease. The heavy rainstorms in May and July, which washed away ...efforts of economy, most of the houses and castles in Scotland are full, ...rous coveys. All that, however, is in the past, and the same guns are ...nd fat, and strong on th' wing, as they say

Photographs by Topical and Sport and General

BY FREDERICK PARKER

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES

A PARODY OF "IF WINTER COMES"

IF SUMMER DON'T

Illustrated by Oswald Cuningham.

By BARRY PAIN

CHAPTER IX.

LOOKING out of his window at the office in the afternoon, Luke Sharper saw a motor-car stop in front of the draper's opposite. Lady Tyburn got out and entered the shop. So she was back.

Putting on his hat, so far as his agitated ears would permit, Luke rushed out into the street, crossed the road, and met her as she came out.

"Jona," he panted.

"Lukie, at last," she gasped.

"You were not long in the shop."

"Just the same length that I am outside. I have been there three times to-day. Standing there, looking up at your window. Every time I bought a yard of elastic. Do you want any elastic?"

"No, thank you. Will you have a cup of tea?"

Emotion would not permit her to speak. But she nodded and got into the car. He followed her. On the way to the confectioner's neither of them spoke a word.

At the tea-room the following conversation took place: "Tea?"

"Please."

"Milk?"

"Thanks."

"Sugar?"

"No."

"Buns?"

"One."

And then they sat and gazed at one another, slowly champing buns in which they took no interest whatever. After twenty minutes Lady Tyburn said: "My chauffeur has had no tea. He must drive to Gallows and have tea at once. Will you come too?"

"As far as the gates," he said. "I'll walk back. I'm not coming in."

"Do," she said. "Bill has borrowed a panther from the Mammoth Circus, and they're having larks with it in the billiard-room."

Luke shook his head. "I don't like panthers," he said, wearily. "I don't like anything much. Mabel looks like a panther sometimes."

During the twenty minutes drive up to Gallows neither of them spoke.

When they reached the gate, Jona said: "Better come up to the house and finish our talk."

"No," said Luke, "stay here a little. There's something I must say to you. I've been trying to say it for the last hour. It gets stuck. I shall pull it out somehow."

Lady Tyburn sent the car away, and they sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree. He sat on one side, and she on the other, back to back. They could not bear to look one another in the face. Presently she said:

"You're trembling, Lukie. I can feel it. Trembling. Like a jelly."

"You're another," said Luke. "Oh, Jona. There's something I've been trying to ask you for the last ten months, and perhaps there will never be another opportunity. Do you remember when you came to my office?"

She drove her elbow lightly into his ribs. It seemed to him to signify that she did remember.

"There were things you said—'Will you help yourself,' with your hands out—'magnet and tintack'—'I made a mistake once.' You said those things, Jona."

"What a memory the young man has got," said Jona, wistfully.

"Yes, but what did you mean?"

"Well, they were what is called conversation. You talk, too, you know, sometimes."

"But that doesn't tell me what you meant."

"They meant," she said in a plain, matter-of-fact way, "that I ought not to have married Bill. I ought to have married you, Lukie. My mistake entirely. Don't apologise."

She jerked herself backward, and he fell off the tree. He lay on the grass moaning. "O crikey! O crikey! O crikey, crikey, crikey!"

2

He got up slowly. He was entirely covered with small pieces of dried grass. Jona came round the end of the tree and began picking pieces of grass off him.

"You're in a mess," she said.

"IF SUMMER DON'T" (continued)

"We're both in a mess," he said. "Right in. Up to the neck."

"I don't know how much longer I shall be able to stand it," said Jona. "In London it was actresses. Down here it's ladies from the Mammoth Circus. We have three equestriennes and a tight-rope dancer staying with us, and he makes love to them all. He's not been sober—not noticeably—for the last six weeks. I still keep up the bright badinage, but it sometimes seems artificial. It's wearing thin. Everything's wearing thin. Very thin. Oh, Lukie!"

"Listen," said Luke, resolutely, "I'm going to be noble. This is little Lukie, underneath his straw hat, being noble. Some men would confess their love for you. They would pour out in words the passion that was consuming them. I shall not. In fact, you'll have to guess. Only, if the time ever does come that you simply cannot stand it any longer, apply to me. Applications should be sent to the office address in case of Mabel. Write distinctly. Goodbye, Jona."

He tore himself from her, and reeled away, not knowing what direction he was taking.

After an hour he found himself standing in front of his own office. It was just as well. He had left his bicycle there.

Diggle came down the stairs into the street, and Luke walked up to him at once: "Can I have that partnership now?" said Luke.

Diggle glanced at his watch.

"Applications of this kind," he said, "should be made in office hours. It is now after six. Good evening, Mr. Sharper."

Mechanically, automatically, not knowing what he did, Luke prepared for his ride home to Jawbones. Then he became aware that he was pushing something along on the pavement. What was it? It was a bicycle. He pushed it into a policeman. The policeman asked him to take it into the road.

He walked along in the road now, still wheeling his bicycle and looking all around him.

What a lot of shops seemed to be selling brooms. Yes, and soap. Long bars of yellow soap. There were big advertisements on the hoardings. He read them aloud:

"WASHO. WORKS BY ITSELF."

And again: "PINGO FOR THE PAINT. A PENNY PACKET OF PINGO DOES THE TRICK." There was a picture of a beautiful lady using Pingo, her face expressing rapture.

"Some men would confess their love for you"

What did it all mean?

He did not know. But it meant that spring was coming. Spring, with its daffodils, its pretty little birds, and all the other things.

He mounted and rode away. A meaningless string of words seemed to circle round and round in his brain.

"Jona. Washo. Crikey."

At dinner that night Mabel said: "We shall begin our spring-cleaning to-morrow. I intend that it shall be done particularly thoroughly this year. It will take some weeks and will probably cause you inconvenience. But you like suffering, don't you?"

"Spring," said Luke, thoughtfully. "Not all daffodils. No."

3

A little later Mr. Alfred Jingle, solicitor, talking to his friend the artist, may be permitted to throw some light on events.

"Saw Sharper yesterday. Don't like it. Awful. Went to his house. What? Yes, looking for lunch. Brass knob on the front door blazing fit to blind you. No curtains at any of the windows. Sounds like a carpet being beaten from the garden at the back. Sharper himself leaning out of upstairs window. Face ashen grey. Ears twitching. 'Don't come in,' he calls out. 'I'll come down. Lunch in Dilborough.'

"Terrific noise of Sharper falling downstairs. Out he comes, rubbing knee. Hat bashed in.

"'Had a little accident,' he says. 'They took out the stair-rods. Carpet loose. We'll go in by train. Wouldn't ask you to lunch here. Had dinner in the bathroom last night. Mabel's got her head in a duster.'

"I asked him what was the matter. And if he spent the entire day leaning out of that window.

"'Yes, Jingle,' he said, 'I have to lean out. Do you know the smell of size? They use it a good deal in spring-cleaning. It's like glue and decayed fish. House is full of it. It hurts. Horribly. Damnably. I'm glad you've come, Jingle. I was to have had lunch in the housemaid's cupboard. But Mabel is an excellent housekeeper. Thorough.

"Tried to cheer him up. Told him it would soon be over. And summer would come.

"'Ah,' he said, 'but if summer don't! Size and spring-cleaning for ever and ever. Do you believe in eternal punishment?'

"Lunched at the 'Crown.' Stuffed a whiskey into him. Had six myself. No good. Said the cold

(Continued on page 502)

The Great Cosmopolis

BY MARCHANT SMITH

EVERY LAND'S IN ENGLAND

"IF SUMMER DON'T" (*continued*)

beef tasted of size. Tried to switch him off on to politics. Hadn't anything to say on that subject. Because there was no room in his house in which there was enough space left to open a paper.

"'Everything's put where everything else ought to be,' he said. 'Place for everything, and my foot in a pail of soapsuds. Did you know that Washo worked by itself? Have you tried Pingo for the paint? These pickles taste of Pingo. Had to do the walls of my study-bedroom with it. Mabel made me. She's an excellent housekeeper. But the world does seem to be entirely filled with dust, and the smell of decayed fish, don't you think?'

"Cheerful talk for a luncheon party, wasn't it? That man's on the verge of a breakdown. Don't like it at all. That wife of his is overdoing it. Shall look him up again next week. His mind's not right. He forgot to pay for the lunch. I suggested that I should do it, and he let me. Something seriously wrong there. Seriously. Have a drink."

4

Three days later Mr. Alfred Jingle resumed the subject.

"I told you things were bad with Sharper. They're worse. Much. I was there this morning. Enquired at his business place. They said their Mr. Sharper had gone out. Took a cab to Halfpenny Hole. Half way there spotted Sharper sitting on a bank by the roadside with his bicycle beside him. Face like a tortured hyæna. I got out and asked him what he was doing there.

"'Nowhere else to go,' he said.

"Face like a tortured hyæna"

'Spring-cleaning at home. And now they've started spring-cleaning at the office. All my dear little children piled up on the floor in the dust.'

"Told him I didn't know he had a family.

"'I mean my books. Lilac morocco. At my own expense. The firm wouldn't stick it. Decorators were sending out for more size when I left. I can't go back there. Even if there were no spring-cleaning I couldn't go to Jawbones. Mabel gave me a list of things to buy in Dilborough. Glass soap and soft paper. I mean soft soap and glass paper. Lots of other things. I've forgotten to get any of them. All I can do is to sit here until the world comes to an end.'

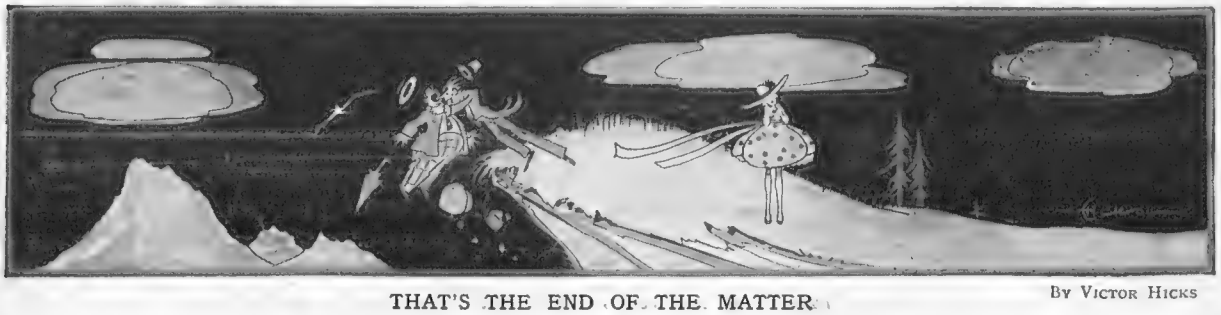
"Well, I shoved him into my cab, and drove back to the 'Crown' at Dilborough. On the way I tried to buck him up a bit, but it was no use. He was absolutely broken down. I asked him whose turn it was to pay for lunch, and he said he thought it was mine. Memory going. Well, I stuffed a drink into him and took nine myself. I can tell you I needed them. Then I got him to go back to business. Said he must save those lilac-bound children of his. Bright idea, what? Then I told him he could buy the things for his wife afterwards. He went like a lamb, too broken to resist. I confess I'm worried about him. I must try to see him again if

5

a chance of doing so."

(And that shows you again how the number of a chapter-section may be used economically.)

(*To be continued next week*)



THAT'S THE END OF THE MATTER

By Victor Hicks

An Autumn Omen

Photograph *H. W. Nichols*

IN A GOLDEN CORNFIELD OF MAGIC SUSSEX

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Red Light of Montmartre

BY "ROLAND." *ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN*

"When her husband has been called to Paris"

MES AMIS—

ONE is promised the *innovations* in Montmartre. It is not for us to say there is the need. If the people who have the task—and the remuneration—to maintain the attraction and the interest of Montmartre proclaim that they are about to introduce the novelties, such shall suffice. As they do themselves choose to recognise that their entertainments tend to become tedious by the absence of variety, we who have the unfortunate duty to pay the piper may, at the least, be spared the trouble to devise the tune.

LET us merely encourage the enterprise of the innovators by to agree that there has been the depression of monotony. The "managers" of Montmartre have really presumed too far. Besides to make us pay too dear for the champagne (*obligatoire*) they have compelled us to furnish our own amusement—if we were really to have any.

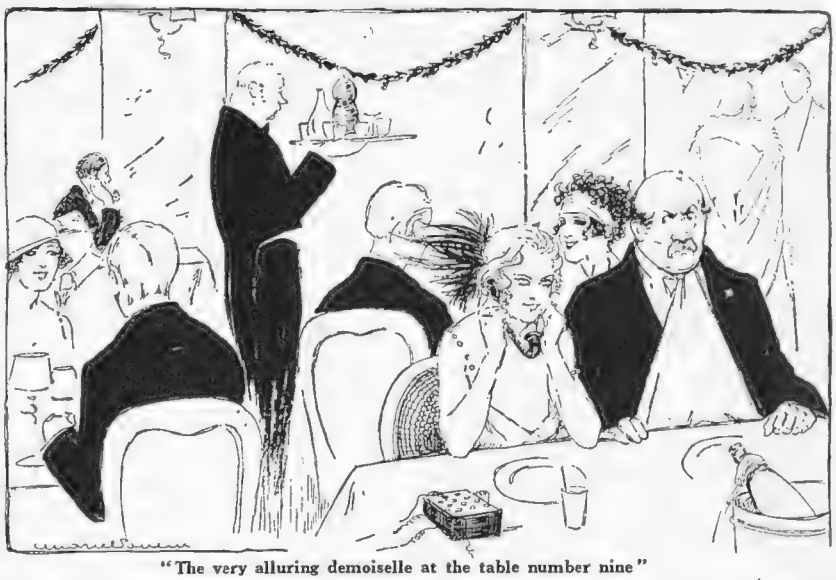
THAT may not have been so dreadfully difficult for us who live close by and thus have the merry lady friends within the hail. There is always Fernande, who so unselfishly responds to the belated telephone call. And her friend, Suzette, who is accumulated on the way. But one thinks of the *clients* who have made the long journeys across the wastes of waters—buoyed up by thoughts of the waists of daughters—and who have the disappointment to discover that all the most delectable daughters are already under the control of uncircumventible partners, frequently elderly and irascible. They have had the sad and the sorry time.

TOO much to drink when there is not anyone to drink it with. Desires to dance that cannot be stifled, yet an impossibility to secure the pretty partner who, at sight, is so obviously the ideal. Possibly some saddened seafarer may have unburdened himself in this strain to a perspicacious "manager." *Sans doute*, it is a confidence of this sort which has led to the decision of a "manager" *sympathique*.

WITH the result, so runs the promise, that all such difficulties shall be wafted away. And that by that most banal of everyday institutions, the telephone. Nothing, is there, which could be less romantic. Yet, within the scheme of the innovator, it may prove to be not only romantic, but adventurous, with an adequately strong spice of danger.

IT is like this. Each of the tables, which are the *points d'appui* of the *clients*, shall be furnished with a little telephone installation. Attached thereto shall be a board on which will be assembled an array of buttons. These will correspond to the numbers of the tables, such numbers to be indicated in an inconspicuous, but still perfectly obvious, manner. When the lonely *client* has satisfied himself by prolonged study which of the fair *demoiselles* is the unquestionable soul-mate, he presses the button connected with the table which is her headquarters, and immediately a little red light flickers in front of her.

INTERESTED in turn, she will remark the number of the signaller and, if she has not already had him under observation, will scan him over to see if he is the soul-mate for her. Should the answer be in the negative, she will doubtless bestow a smile as a fit appreciation of the compliment, but will accompany it by a shake of the head to indicate that the attention is misplaced.



"The very alluring demoiselle at the table number nine"

On the other hand, if the investigation should be more favourable, she has but to take up the receiver, and, after a few preliminary words of mutual greeting, she will receive an invitation to cross to the other table. After the which everyone concerned should be content. *Au moins* such would be the procedure, is the promise, in the *affaires* which do not contain the complications. But if the system should be confined to the such cases one feels that it could be quite well dispensed with.

One has to concede, *cependant*, that the telephone possesses the advantages in the instances where the course is barred by the obstacles. Witness the case of the very alluring *demoiselle* at the table number nine, who has the perfectly apparent air to be exasperatingly bored by the dull old dog by whom she is chaperoned. It is, may be, the elderly uncle from the provinces, who has insisted that she shall introduce him to the glamours of the night-life. Under the such circumstances there is the entire absence of the glamour for her. As he, however, has the monopoly of the family fortune—which she has the determination, one day, to inherit—there is too much risk in the operation of the *œillade*. Moreover, the operation would lack the *suite*. And the admiration which is spoken only with the eyes, even if there is a pledge in the return glance, is undeniably tepid if the pledge is confined to the such limitations.

But with the aid of the little red flicker the obstacle of the elderly uncle may be removed. *Mademoiselle* can signal to the admirer that, if he will hold the fort for twenty minutes, she will unload the burdensome uncle and will then return to join the younger and gayer party. After this has been fixed, she will develop a sudden headache, necessitating that she shall be at once conducted home by the ingenuous elder; and immediately she is sure that he is well on the road to his hotel, she will be off back to Tony of the telephone. *Parfait, n'est-ce pas?*

Yet there are those who forecast the troubles when the telephone *entrenous* is brought into the operation. They cite the case of the Monsieur who shall pursue with his persistent attentions not merely the *demoiselle* who is unattached (save to the inconsequential *chaperon*), but the *belle dame* who is accompanied by her lawful spouse. Though they grant that the lawful spouse may be such that the lady is not to be altogether blamed if she respond to the *œillade*, they concentrate on the attitude which shall be taken by the irate *mari* when he shall see the little red light begin to flicker.

En effet there is one apologist (who is under the suspicion to be himself a *mari jaloux*) who makes himself the advocate of an addition to the system to establish the contact by wire. He proposes that there should be also an attachment which could distribute the *coups-de-pied*. Thus, if the *mari* be filled with the righteous resentment at the telephone signal which has been passed to his wife, he may take his *revanche* by a return pressure on the corresponding button, and the indiscreet admirer will be kicked hard and often as though by a very vigorous mule. One has the belief, however, that Montmartre will not make the provision for any such demonstrations. They are not at all in the spirit.

"The Coups-de-pied"

But these *jaloux* and *jalouses* are full of the restrictions and the limitations. There is, *par exemple*, the wife who has been left at the *plage* when her husband has been called back to Paris by the urgent business. "You will write to me if you experience the *ennui*," she has said, "and I will at once return." He has written to say he had not the *ennui*, on account of to be so busy. None the less she has returned. "But I have said that I have not had the *ennui*," has expostulated the husband. "That is precisely why I have come back," has answered the *jalouse*. ROLAND

"She has returned"

Political Posers

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Old Bill finds there are a lot of nasty questions in the life of an M.P.

Lord Jesterfield's Letters to his Son

By COLLINSON OWEN

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD

No. XV.

MY DEAR BOY—

BY the time you receive this I shall be in Scotland for a holiday, and I think I will take the occasion to give you a holiday, too—from my letter-writing. It will be good for both of us. I seem to have noticed of late that your responses to my amiable exhortations have been a little lacking in eagerness. I am in no way put out by this. It is so easy to have too much of a good thing. Good counsel should always be administered with discretion. It is of the essence of youth that it should be only moderately influenced by the advice of its elders. It is just as inevitable for old age and experience to take its self-imposed mission of mentor too seriously, and to be correspondingly *contrarié* when it finds its pure wisdom falling on deaf ears. So, though it is impossible—thank Heaven!—to put an old head on young shoulders, I will at least try in my own case to keep a young head on old ones.

There was once a famous writer of letters to his son who discoursed sagely for twenty-five years or more, only to find it all end up in a *mésalliance*. In other words, the young man did in one coup all that his devoted father had been exhorting him not to do during a whole lifetime. I will confess that my sympathies in this matter are mostly with the young man. If the father had applied to himself one-thousandth part of the wisdom which he was trying to instil into his son he would early have realised that a sermon of perfection imparted once a week for twenty-five years was enough to drive any normal young man to the worst excesses.

"When maiden inexperience is pitted against mere callowness"

Your attitude is perfectly sound. If youth had listened in the past to all that old, or even middle-age had told it, then youth would have died out long ago. Nature is wise, if unmerciful, and the only thing that keeps the race young is the impossibility of old age passing on the accumulated dried fruits of its experience and disillusion. Think what the world would be if youth began to listen to and assimilate all that the greybeards told it!

Yet there are aged philosophers who have lamented that one of life's supreme tragedies is that they are powerless to transmit all that they have unlearned to the younger generation. But they only lament because they *are* old. There is not one of them who would not turn Faust if only he could find some convenient demon to give him the opportunity. Give any greybeard the gift of renewed youth, and see how he would employ it. I fear me the only advantage he would draw from his experience would be to try and avoid only those errors which had previously exacted from him too great a price. Any Marguerite who was unhappy enough to encounter such a formidable combination would have reason to regret that under the guise of youth she had found the guile of old age. When maiden inexperience is pitted against mere callowness then the dice are not very unfairly loaded. But if the transformation I have indicated were available to all who could pay sufficient to obtain it,

LORD JESTERFIELD'S LETTERS TO HIS SON (concluded)

then the world would be peopled with monsters infinitely more dangerous than dragons, because their outward shapes would inspire confidence and not dismay.

It is, I am afraid, a fact that the older men become the more they have reason to be glad that their inner thoughts are strictly their own. The good advice of old age is as often as not prompted by senile jealousy. The appetite remains, but not the power to enjoy. To cite a mild example, there comes a moment in the lives of many men when they realise that champagne is a sorry mistress who exacts heavy penalties for any transient joy she gives. As a rule, a man when he arrives at this point detests seeing other people drink champagne because he is forcibly reminded of past pleasures which can no longer be his. Therefore he makes a virtue of his woes, declaims against champagne, and is chagrined at the sight of others doing what he would gladly do himself.

So I think we have every cause to be very happy indeed at the inexorable decrees of Nature which make it impossible either for old people to grow young again, or, as a *pis aller*, for them to be able to inflict their saddened views on youth. There is the point to be remembered, too, that if it were possible by any means for old age to recapture juvenility the miracle would not be confined to one sex. And dangerous as it would be to society for an elderly buck suddenly to find himself walking up the hill of St. James's Street with all the glow and springiness of twenty-five it would be as nothing, I fear, to the menace which would be launched if dowagers of seventy suddenly found themselves transformed into young sirens with bobbed hair and a passion for cigarettes. Grave as would be the danger, in the first case, to our young women, it would pale before the fury of conquest with which our transformed dowagers would invade the *salons* and the clubs of Mayfair. It is, I think, due to the innate chivalry of the male that this latter aspect of the question has never been considered.

"If dowagers of seventy found themselves transformed into young sirens with bobbed hair and a passion for cigarettes"

Most of us, while dearly longing to kick Faust as a bounder, rather envy him his good luck. Our finest sympathies are aroused by the ideas of a trusting Marguerite in the hands of some other fellow. You will realise more and more as you go through life how true it is that ill-behaviour is merely the conduct of other people. We all of us permit ourselves to indulge in rapturous and illicit dreams which seem all that is right and desirable as applied strictly to ourselves, but which, if we surprised them in other people, we should regard as being in every way reprehensible, and deserving of the strictest censure.

You will, therefore, I hope, see that in me you have no soured ancient, jealous of that which he can no longer enjoy himself. On the contrary you will, if you search your memory, freely admit that I have ever been on the side of youth, with all its follies and extravagances. The simplest philosophy is always the best. It has been observed that we are a long time dead. This is profoundly true, and it is equally true of emperors, company promoters or bricklayers. Yet it is amazing to what a small degree this profound and obvious truth influences the average man. Not only are we a long time dead, but we are a very short time alive, and of this already restricted period our youth forms but a very small part. We are in truth mere ephemerids. Our youth is usually gone for ever before we have become conscious that we are enjoying it. Only when it is past do many men realise that they ever had it.

Therefore, my dear boy, make the most of it while you may, and always remember that to be happy is the sole *raison d'être* of existence. Find out by the most careful consideration what is necessary for your happiness, and then let nothing stop you in attaining it. If you find it lies in dissipation, then do not hesitate to be dissipated. But if after mature consideration you are forced to admit to yourself the solemn truth that happiness in your own case lies in a careful, well-ordered and sober existence, even with marriage as its culmination, then let no considerations of false pride deter you, and leave dissipation to those who have greater need of it.

JESTERFIELD

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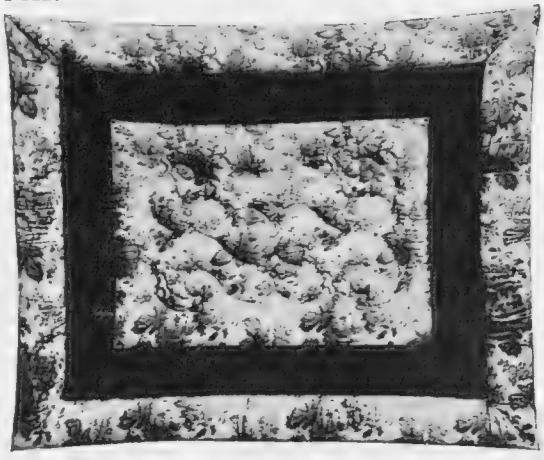

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The Perfect Lawn-Tennis Court: WHAT WILL IT CONSIST OF?

At the recent Schoolboys' Lawn Tennis Tournament it struck me as a very significant thing that many of the boys preferred to play their matches on the hard courts rather than on the grass. This was the case even when the grass courts had entirely recovered from their wetting of the previous week and were in thoroughly good playing order, and it seemed to lend colour to the suggestion which one often hears made nowadays in places where lawn tennis players foregather, that the hard court will in time supersede grass as the recognised playing surface in this country.

Personally, I doubt very much whether the grass court will ever be superseded by the hard court as we know it to-day. But when the perfect hard court *is* evolved—if it is ever evolved—I believe that the days of the grass court will be numbered.

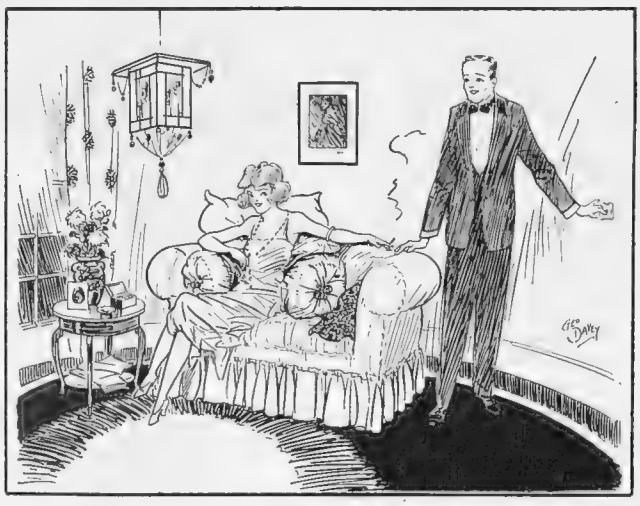
What are the chief *desiderata* of a hard court? The first thing, curiously enough, is that it should not be really hard; otherwise asphalt or concrete would fill the bill. It should reproduce as far as possible the "yielding" properties of a grass court and yet be hard enough to impart a fairly fast and high bound to the ball and to resist the wear and tear of the players' feet as they dart hither and thither, often stopping or turning abruptly, over its surface. In the second place it should be virtually immune from the effects of rain and playable within a quarter of an hour or so from the cessation of the heaviest downpour. Thirdly, it should be a surface on which balls can be played with a good many times without becoming dirty or useless through loss of weight.

The type of court most in vogue nowadays is composed mainly of burnt clay. It fulfils the second condition admirably, for it is very porous, and is, in fact, at its best after rain. As regards the third condition—ball-consumption—it is also satisfactory; but as soon as it becomes thoroughly dry it does not quite meet the requirements of the first condition—the requisite hardness. It is apt to "kick up," and even when this does not happen its surface is covered with a fine powdering of brickdust, which makes a firm foothold (especially in the case of a heavy man) almost an impossibility. When Mr. F. M. B. Fisher, confronted with such conditions, ejaculates, "I wasn't built for playing lawn tennis on a skating rink!" one feels inclined to sympathise with him.

At the Queen's Club they have been experimenting with a court which certainly got over this defect. Some sort of binding material was used which made it really hard. Even in dry weather it did not "kick up" and there was no slippery powder upon its surface. But, on the other hand, it was apt to become water-logged after heavy rain (and also after a thaw), so that it was often out of commission when the courts of the other kind were in full swing, and it also had the undesirable faculty of collecting the grime and soot of London's atmosphere and transferring them to the balls. It has now been "scrapped"—I think perhaps a little prematurely—because of these defects.

I was told the other day something about the court which is described as the "green" court. This means, I take it, that some colouring matter is introduced into the surface dressing with the object of producing a grass effect. But apart from this the surface is altogether different from that of the prevailing burnt clay court. I gather that it is quite porous and that whatever the intensity or duration of a fall of rain may be it can be used in less than half an hour after the fall has ceased. Yet, on the other hand, in the matter of consistency and "bind," it is as hard, or nearly as hard, as concrete, which means, of course, that it cannot be cut up and that it has no superficial coating of fine powder. So far so good. But yet, if it is as hard as concrete, it must be very tiring to the feet and the bound of the ball must be very different from what it is on grass.

Then, again, I have been told of a court in embryo which will contain several ingredients, the chief of which is to be rubber dust, a commodity which is supposed to be going to vie in cheapness in the near future with the German mark. Rubber dust, according to some enthusiasts with whom I have held converse, is going to revolutionise hard court construction. It may, or it may not. But the important point is that the experimental court at Queen's Club, the "green" court, of which there is a good specimen to be found as near to London as Dulwich, and the rubber dust court, which is on the way, all show that research work is going on and that the hard court movement is still capable of further developments. H. S. S.



DARK DEEDS By Geo. Davey

"Dad was awfully cross last night! He said you must never see me again!"

"Well, I'd better switch off the light!"

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SPORT *of the* WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

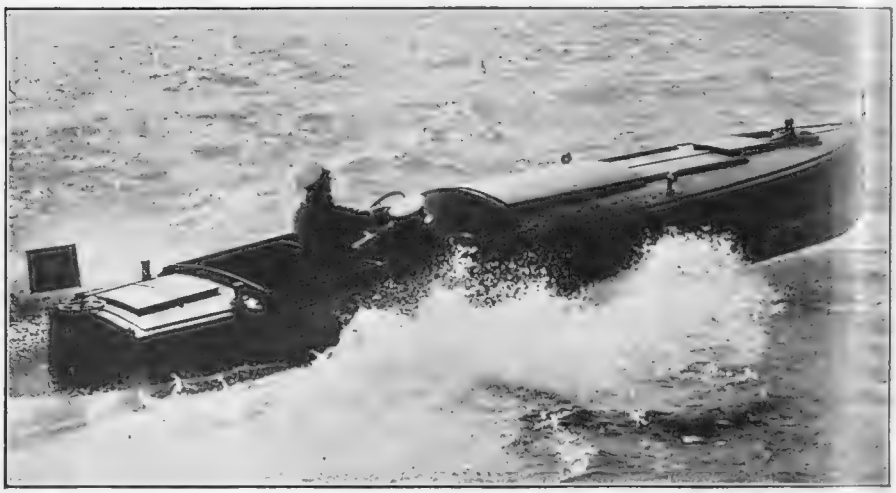
A DAZZLING DIVE CATCH

Which accounted for J. W. Hearne in the Middlesex v. Surrey match at Lord's last week. Play on the whole was somewhat tame; the extras mounted to 116!

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS D. D STEEL

Who was Croquet Champion at Roehampton, is the second lady to gain that honour. She secured a decisive victory by winning her last ten games.



Photograph *Central News*

A SPEEDY WINNER AT BRIGHTON

Mr. N. G. Hodson winning the motor-yacht handicap race at the Brighton Regatta in his boat "Bubbles," which seems to be "bursting" at pretty good speed. The weather was surprisingly perfect.

Photograph *Topical*

THE SCARBOROUGH LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT

A group of players, officials and patrons taken at the close of the very successful Tournament last week. In the centre of the front row is the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, with Miss Ryan and Mrs. Satterthwaite on her right. Also included are Miss McKane, Mrs Stocks, Mr. F. G. Lowe and Mr. R. Lycett

THE SKIFF CLUB AT KINGSTON

In their regatta held in the Teddington Reach some very fine races were seen. Pictured is F. E. K. Foat winning Heat 2 for the Rae Challenge Trophy. Foat also won the final in a particularly exciting finish

SMILES OF VICTORY

The winners of the Dartmouth Territorial Cadets' Four-oared Race, in the Port of Dartmouth Royal Regatta, rowing home after their event

Photographs

H. TYE

Winning the 1 Mile Flat Handicap in the Post Office Athletic Fête at the Crystal Palace, whither the meeting attracted large crowds

Sport and General

MISS P. BRISTOWE

Who beat Miss Soames in the third round of the Girls' Open Singles at the Surrey Junior Championships at Surbiton last Wednesday

RACING NOTIONS BY "CARBINE"

The St. Leger

THE grave doubts surrounding Tamar at the time of writing have given a very open aspect to the last of the season's classic events. It is now generally looked upon as a race which "anything may win." This being so, I am reminded of Backwood, Mr. Whineray's colt, who much impressed me when he ran in a two-mile race at Lingfield in the spring. He finished third on that occasion, after making a good deal of the running, and the thought which flashed through my mind as the horses passed the judge's box was "What a likely sort for the Cesarewitch!" Later came his victory in the Ascot Derby. That race was won through sheer superiority by stamina. We saw further evidence of that stamina on the Knavesmire last week, and I am convinced that this quality will stand him in good stead in the St. Leger. My opinion is that the field at Doncaster will largely be composed of non-staying animals, and I shall be very much surprised if Backwood is beaten out of the first three.

Dark Clouds

As I write these notes Tamar is still in the St. Leger, but he is under a darkening cloud which threatens to blot out his classic prospects altogether. Alec Taylor will have to give him at least one winding-up gallop during the present week—unless the colt is struck out previously. It is doubtful whether his tender leg will stand the strain of the inevitable final touches to his preparation. Thus Lord Astor once again looks like being deprived of the St. Leger when the race seemed to be well within his grasp. Bad luck, indeed; but on the whole the owner in question has not had much to complain of as far as his racing experiences are concerned. We have been told that Ramus is not coming over for the St. Leger, which is surprising in view of the fact that the prize is worth £10,000.

Manchester's Big Race

THE running in the Ebor Handicap does not throw a great deal of light upon the prospects of the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester on Saturday. We can surely wipe out such as Bumble Bee, Santavon, and Grenoble after their running at York, but old Nant Coch by no means disgraced himself there. I suppose the favourite will be Double Hackle. Even a week ago I saw him quoted at so short a price as 2 to 1 for this race, and there is certainly not much inducement to back him at anything like that price. The York form of Sangot, with whom Double Hackle had been galloped, does not speak too favourably for the latter. Crevasse has a good chance on her best form, but I hesitate to go for her, seeing that coughing prevails at the moment in the Stanley House stable. I am quite prepared to see the winner turn up in one of Mr. James White's three-year-olds. Both can stay a bit. I cannot ascertain at present which of the two will carry his colours, so I content myself with selecting SANHEDRIM or NORSEMAN.

By "THE TOUT"

CAPTAIN R. T. GOOCH

With one of his patrons. He has a string of horses in training at Ilsley and has been very successful with his charges over the sticks and on the flat. Among his patrons is Captain E. W. Paterson, a keen sportsman from the V. W. H. Country

Palatine Nursery

THE nursery season is now in full swing, and one of the most important of the handicaps for two-year-olds is that to be run at Manchester on Friday—the Palatine Nursery. It affords a rare puzzle to backers, but I shall attempt to solve it by going for **Zareba.** She is set a formidable weight-carrying task, but I believe she is smart enough to add to her unbroken record of successes.

IN GOOD COMPANY

DOGS AND THEIR FRIENDS

BY THE KENNELMAN

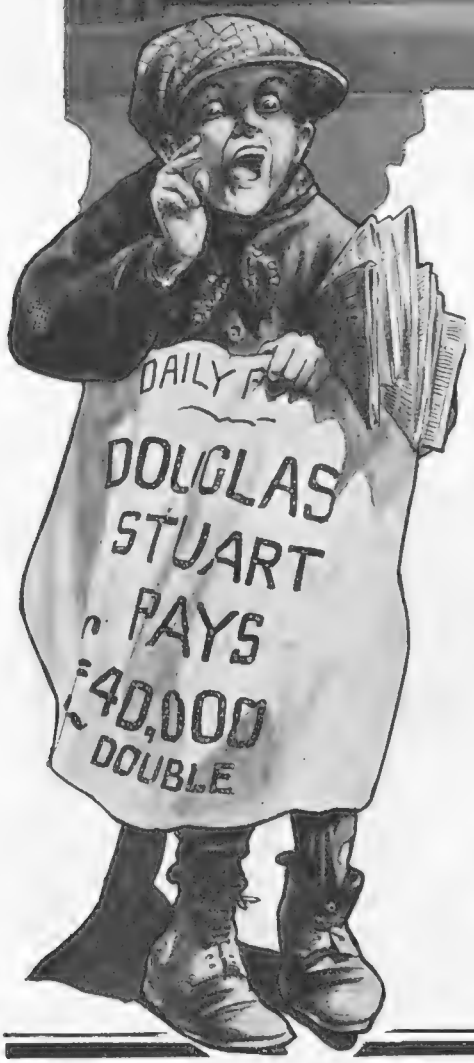
SKETCHES BY BLAMPIED

DOG-STEALING is a pretty nefarious form of crime, when its motive is mercenary. (I once knew a land-agent who narrowly escaped the police court as the result of stealing a debilitated mongrel, purely for the purpose of preserving it from starvation and cruelty.) But malicious Dog-poisoning is sin of a kind calling, I think, for something much nearer to boiling oil than to a mere fine, or fourteen days. There have been several bad cases lately in country districts. Also, the anti-rat campaign on farms has led to some accidental poisoning of very distinguished Dog folk, due sometimes to man's infernal slackness in dropping the deadly stuff about, and, again, to its being dragged out into the open and left there, by rats, presumably when "under the influence."

Given a little patience, it's easier than you might suppose to educate young Dogs to refrain from ever picking up and eating *anything* out-of-doors; an extremely useful lesson in many ways, and the best insurance against poisoning. Period for first instruction: the sooner the better; even before weaning.

To those correspondents (four) who ask that, in the matter of choosing a Dog, these epistles should recommend the best breeds, giving reasons and explanations; "the answer is in the negative." For one thing, there are eighty-six breeds, and far more than eighty-six separate grounds (by the Editor's way of it) against stretching the space at my disposal. For another thing, every recognised breed is "the best"—for somebody; and "every single one of them is right."

(*Continued on page 510*)



Bad Luck or Bad Judgment?

SIR EDWARD: "Poor old Dejernais had bad luck."

LORD BOB: "Oh, in what way?"

SIR EDWARD: "Why, he backed a horse at five points over market price and it won—and broke his 'Bookie.'"

THE COLONEL: "Well I don't call that bad luck—I call it bad judgment. How can any man be such a ——! ——! ——! enough to bet with bookmakers of doubtful stability? If he does, and gets stung, he's only himself to blame. The very fact that a man has to offer over market price in order to get business is warning enough for me."

SIR EDWARD: "Yes, I consider that argument is quite sound. Personally all my Turf business is done with 'Duggie'—it has been so for years with absolute satisfaction. Cash on the nail—market price to a penny, and no queries."

LORD BOB: "I'll get into touch with 'Duggie' right away. Heard so much about him, and when you find the leading newspapers so enthusiastically praising him, as 'Tattenham,' 'Robin Goodfellow,' etc., do, there *must* be good reason . . . . Yes, I must open a credit account with him."

Douglas Stuart

New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

"IN GOOD COMPANY" (*concluded*)

Discuss it with experienced Dog-lovers (at Dog shows, for example) and read a few good Dog books. Consider the Dog's natural bent and point of view, as well as your own. If the life and home you have to offer clearly involve acquired tastes for the chosen Dog, see to it that he comes to you young and unformed. The hereditary hunter and sportsman among Dogs is hardly more suited for life in a town flat than the Peke or the Pug are for following trap or cycle along country roads.

In the case of a pal, love at first sight should weigh more than points or pedigree. The chooser who aims at breeding, showing, profit, will do well to consider the history, prestige, and popularity of varieties, as well as the points of individuals. *He* can't over-rate the importance of pedigree, and is misguidedly extravagant if he allows a guinea or so to come between him and his fancy. The *best* pup in the litter may easily grow into twenty times the value of the second-best. The *biggest* of the unweaned litter is likely still to be the biggest and strongest when they're all sober grown-ups.

You can easily pay too much for "house-trained" and "over distemper," because distemper may come again, at any old time, and the other fellow's "training" is not yours, and may want a lot of unlearning. "It must be a *Dog*; a bitch is too much trouble." H'm! A very open question. The bitch may possibly be more affectionate, devoted, unselfish. The time *may* come when you'll dearly love to welcome offspring from her. The brief half-yearly periods—say, three weeks—in which she needs watching cause no trouble, really—intelligent recognition; that's all. The choice deserves considering; and then some!

Pekes, Alsatians, Sealyhams, and Kerry Blues. Magic words, my masters and mistresses—at the moment; and I haven't one word to say against 'em. I love them all, and, especially, yours. But there *are* others; have been in the past; will be in the future. Keep that in mind, O, neophytes, in the founding of kennels. Look sanely at the Dog community, and see it whole. There's glory, and, sometimes, even

"It's easier to educate Dogs to refrain from ever picking up anything out-of-doors"

profit, in resuscitation, in original enterprise, in the creation, as well as in the following of Fashion—weathercock that she is.

At the very next Dog Show you visit give an hour or so to the (numerically) smallest classes, and read them up a bit, afterwards. Dog folk extremely well worth knowing include the Socratic Bloodhound, the noble and historic Irish Wolfhound, the eminently English Mastiff, Newfoundlands, Otterhounds, Bassets, Bedlingtons, Welshmen, Skyes, and that lovable and *pukka sahib*, the Dandie Dinmont. I quite admit you won't meet 'em at every corner, but owners will always give you introductions at the Shows; and these are acquaintances worth making, I assure you.

A couple of North Country Dog Show incidents have evoked discussion of such matters as the propriety of judges consulting catalogues and looking up pedigrees, *before* their adjudication in the Ring; but, in fact, there's mighty little room for discussion. The properest thing is for the judge not to appear in the Show at all until he enters the Ring, and to postpone all inspection of benches and catalogues and all conversation with exhibitors till the judging's finished. His job is to judge the Dogs *as they come before him in the Ring*; no more, no less; and it's no more desirable for him to enquire in advance into their pedigree and antecedents than into their owners' bank accounts or baptisms.

No, dear "Novice," of Cirencester, I do *not* think it cruel occasionally to spank a small Dog, especially in youth; but even hold it needful, on occasion, so effectively to spifflicate him that he will piously cherish the memory; albeit the necessity, nine times out of ten, is evidence of some educational omission on *your* part.

C.M.P., "TYKE," AND W.W.D.—Of this week's batch yours are the only three letters not yet answered. I'll have the information you want in a day or so. The correct source is the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly

Photograph **CANINE ARISTOCRATS** *Topical Press*

Toy Pekinese being judged at the Cheshire County Show last week

TYRE & JACK MANUFACTURERS

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING

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THE PREVIOUS BEST DOUBLED!

10,000 miles on the road without the slightest trouble of any description

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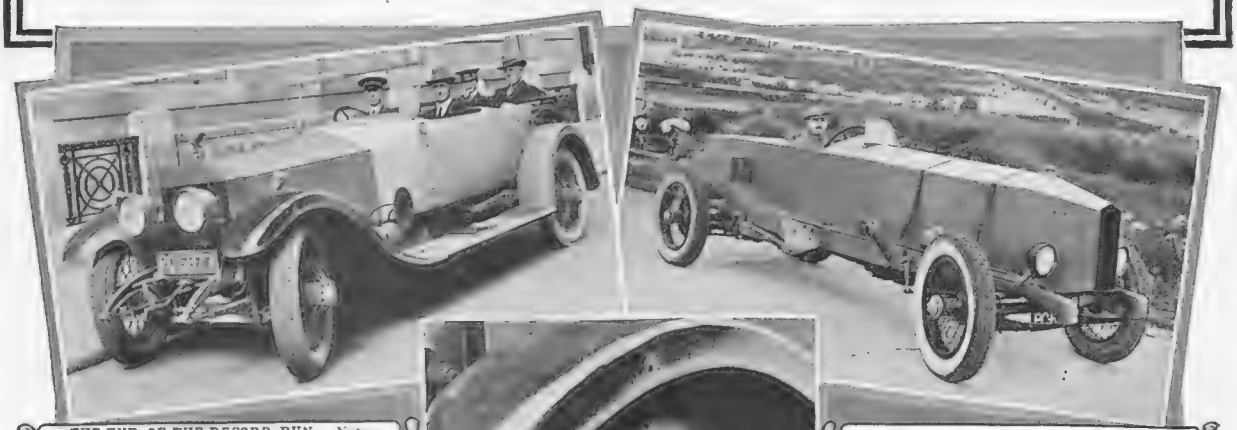
500 miles on the track—on two of the same tyres—at speeds exceeding a mile a minute!



THE END OF THE RECORD RUN. Note the amazing condition of the tyres as seen in above photograph after 10,000 miles gruelling, in which all four tyres ran from start to finish without requiring or receiving any attention.

EIGHT HOURS AT OVER A MILE A MINUTE! On two tyres that had already seen 10,000 miles R.A.C. road service! Lionel Rapson, the manufacturer, who drove throughout the 500 mile Brooklands trial and finished at speeds exceeding 80 miles per hour.

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INCREDIBLE! A close-up photograph showing the condition of the tyres after breaking all R.A.C. tyre mileage records. Prior to this wonderful Rapson achievement 5,000 miles was the greatest distance ever covered by any other official entrant's tyres!

TO MOTORISTS. What has happened to Rapson Cord tyres under R.A.C. official observation is happening all over the country. Some hundreds of cars are running on these trouble free Cords (including eight Royal cars) and we have yet to hear of the first failure! Lionel Rapson, the inventor and manufacturer, has not only solved the puncture and burst problem, but organised his new factory in such a manner that these super tyres can be produced and sold at identically the same prices as other leading makes. Rapson tyres are definitely guaranteed to cover a *minimum* of 5,000 miles on Fabric, 6,000 miles on Cord and 10,000 miles on Super-Cord.

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The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

If a story be really exciting enough, you can forgive those little improbabilities which in themselves might strain your powers of credulity too far. And, by the same token, it is well to remember that the newspapers are constantly being called on to report the most improbable affairs. In any case Mr. Roland Pertwee's new book *Out To Win* (Cassell: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) contains a first-class story. It is perhaps too obviously written with one eye on the films, but what matter? Here you have an ambitious young man set a very difficult problem. It is necessary for him to leave London for a few weeks. Not a very difficult business, you think? Not perhaps for the ordinary young man about to set forth on his holiday, but if you happen to have discovered something that will not only make you the richest man in the world, but will also benefit humanity to an almost incalculable extent, it may be that there will be some nastily-minded rivals who do not wish you to succeed. And in this story Mr. Anthony Barraclough finds it well-nigh impossible to get out of London. Nor can his partners at first help very much. But one of them by chance discovers the existence of a Mr. Altar, and then the fun begins. All kinds of extraordinary things happen, and you wonder how Mr. Pertwee is going to keep up the fun for three hundred pages. But keep it up he does, and I defy anybody to be other than thrilled. There is a nasty Dutch millionaire who. . . . But, read it for yourself, for *Out To Win* is truly an admirable "shocker."

A little coterie of young flappers were discussing their favourite authors, and two ladies proved to be easily first on their lists. One of these, Curtis Yorke, is now writing her fiftieth novel. The other, Berta Ruck, has come to the front very quickly. I have just read her latest, and thoroughly enjoyed it. *The Subconscious Courtship* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) covers but a small canvas, but covers it well. A young widow, whose first marriage was no marriage at all, wants to re-marry in order to put her numerous and unwanted admirers at a distance. She is rich, and the head of a business. She wants her second husband to be a mere business proposition. She makes a careful choice, and "buys" (after much trouble) a certain Major Carmichael who has invented an aerial "Mast," and wants money for its development. They marry, and each dislikes the other so much that the experiment looks like failing very badly indeed. But it is perfectly true to say, as Miss Ruck says, that people do not always know their own thoughts. In fact, at such times when they believe themselves to be swayed by purely intellectual ideas, their emotions may be subconsciously hard at work. And so it is in this most pleasant story, at the end of which the two young people are only too pleased to accept the inevitable. R. S.

The Artists Rifles

The magnificent War service of the Artists Rifles has now been put on record in the official "Roll of Honour and War Record" of the Regiment. It takes the form of a handsome volume of upwards of 600 pages, and forms a complete record of all members of the Regiment from August 4, 1914, onwards. In the words of Colonel May, in the foreword, "It is a record of which, not only every past or present member of the Regiment, but everyone who values the proved possibilities of the Territorial Force may rightly be proud." The book is excellently illustrated, both with photographs and drawings by members of the Regiment. The publishers are Howlett and Son, 10, Frith Street, Soho Square, London, W. 1., and the price £1.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

Turning over an old Leaf

Simple Adam and Subtle Eve.

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

In many ways it is doubtful whether we have advanced from early primitivism. Even the dilettante is compelled to face necessity, and necessity is an ugly vision. So, with the world's progress at a standstill, the mind reverts to the origin of things, and, hating primitive reality, ponders on the myth of Eden.

Probably Eve, when she took her morning bathe, tired of the unchanging reflection in the pool of her pearl-white covering, and craving for change, evolved the original idea of body ornamentation. Having made her plans, she was subtle enough first to "feed the brute" before breaking the news, so in order to put him in a good humour she offered Adam a bite of her apple. Then simulating a chill which did not exist, she induced him to search for decorative fig leaves to serve as alluring draperies.

From the moment of donning her first costume she cultivated fresh whims and fancies, and varied her designs to such an extent that poor Adam's life became one long and weary search to discover fig-trees with leaves of rare and refreshing shape. Which occupation, incidentally, contrived to keep him out of other mischief.

* * * * * * * *

The allegory applies to modern times. We twentieth-century Adams hunt from morn till night, not for precious fig leaves, nor even now for gold, but in a paper chase for things called Treasury Notes. And when we have collected a large number of them our modern Eves magically change them into a wisp of chiffon which they wrap around their dainty forms as a protection against the elements.

In a season Eve will appear adorned in a dozen diaphanous gowns, costing many hundreds of pounds, whilst Adam, humbly collecting the few odd notes Eve so generously permits him to keep for himself, trots along to Bond Street for a Dress Suit once a year.

Adam will find compassion at Pope and Bradley's, where his difficulties are understood. Compared with Eve's indulgencies, the following prices are hardly worth mentioning. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
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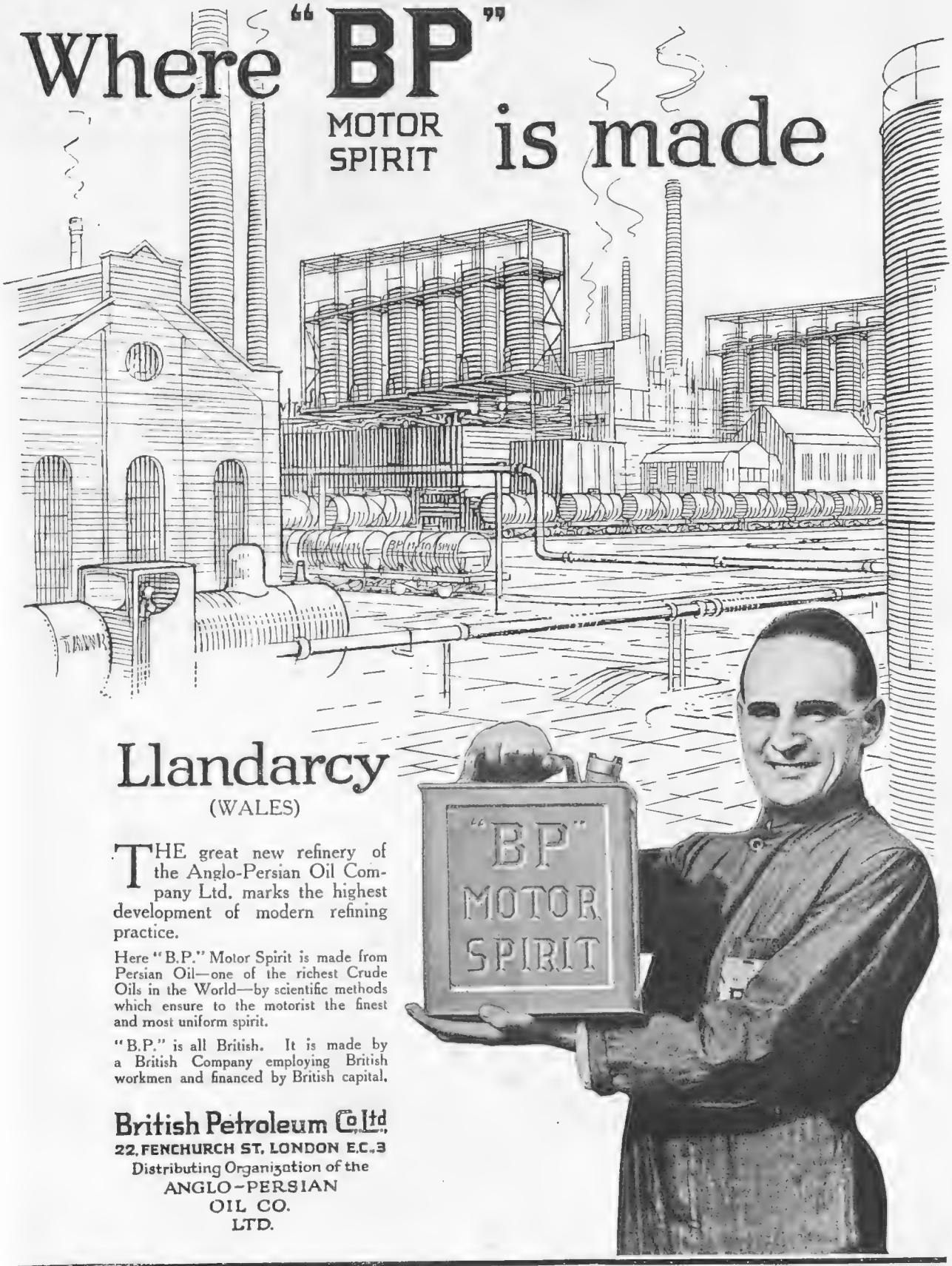

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(WALES)

THE great new refinery of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company Ltd. marks the highest development of modern refining practice.

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MOTOR NOTES

THE TWO PRINCES

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in the "Prince" of cars in Japan. The Rolls-Royce is one of the Imperial Household cars set apart for the use of Royalty. Rear-Admiral Sir Reginald Halsey will be seen seated next to the Prince

Had a very busy week on the road in Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire dodging the rain and revelling in the sunshine with sea breezes galore. In fact, a sort of carnival all to myself, which reminds me that it included a real carnival at Southsea, which was as good as a comic opera. All the big cars, except the twelve-cylinder Sunbeam, went down to Portsmouth to support the Speed Carnival for the local hospitals in the hope of getting a few silver pots as a reward for the hotel bills, but some comic handicaps did not give them a chance, so the smaller fry picked the goods off the counter. Perhaps some of them wished they had stopped at home at Brooklands, but I hope not, as, remember, boys, it was a carnival, and there were umpteen thousands of people lining the full course to see you all, and they had paid good money, too, for their view to see racing. And precious little did they get, as only two cars at a time—if they were slow enough—were let loose down the Esplanade, and except in about a couple of heats, these were all processions. If it had not been for the racing cars the visitors would not have believed anybody was travelling at speed at all. Yet Barlow's little 10 h.p. Fiat did over forty-seven miles an hour in the mile with a standing start, and Count Zborowski on his Chitty Bang Bang a kilometre at seventy-three miles per hour, also from a standing start, while Cook's Rouge et Noir Vauxhall and Coe's Vauxhall, Lionel Martin's Aston-Martin, Clement's T.T. Bentley, and the Vauxhall T.T. car also made excellent speed shows at over sixty miles an hour in this short run.

* * *

Kaye Don on the Viper, Viscount Curzon and "Monty" Grahame-White, each driving Rolls-Royce touring cars, also put up fine shows, but the pairs that ran together were poorly matched, so exciting finishes were absent at Southsea. Next year I suggest the motor-cycles should be given a chance, as then we could get good finishes with three or four runners for each heat. Also, the cars want better picking out in regard to speed and handicaps, so that they can put up closer races than they did. Though running on the watch the times were very close, fifths of seconds giving a prize to several winners.

* * *

Modern motor-cycles, both in construction and design, have arrived at such acme of perfection that constructive criticism is almost impossible, and one's remarks are confined to an appreciation of their effective running and facile manipulation. Recently, on an extensive run on a 4½ h.p. Humber combination, I had ample opportunity of testing the advertised excellence of this machine. The manufacturers maintain that it is one of the quietest on the road. It is; you can barely hear the engine when you are driving, and even on opening out the throttle the drone is so minimised by an effective silencer and exhaust that it is possible to carry on a conversation with a passenger in the side-car; I have never found this on any other machine.

* * *

The engine, with cylinders horizontally opposed, gives the maximum of power with the minimum of vibration and is capable of developing without effort a speed of 45-50 miles per hour. The Claudell-Hobson carburettor is of the automatic type, and, controlled by a single lever on the handlebar, makes acceleration a much simpler matter than when both air and throttle levers have to be adjusted.

* * *

Lubrication, always a difficult matter with these air-cooled machines, which so quickly over-heat, is entirely effective, and a valuable point to be remembered by the prospective purchaser who does not want to be bothered by constantly reducing speed owing to faulty lubrication. Altogether for this Humber combination I have only the highest praise, and can say with the fullest confidence that I consider it to be one of the best models of its calibre on the market to-day.

* * *

Mr. James Inglis Ker, the Scottish manager of the Motor Union Insurance Company, has sent me his latest literary production, *Scotland for the Motorists*, which has been issued to the members of the A.A. "Jimmy" loves his Scotland, and few men know its roads and antiquities better, so that this new road-book is a welcomed addition to the motorist's library for its delightful itineraries and archæological references of the country travelled on its journeys. During the recent Six Days' Scottish "light-car" trials, I had the advantage of his ciceroneship, which added greatly to the enjoyment of this 1,000 miles run by his knowledge of the local legends and his historical acts, all of which are recorded in this handy volume. In fact, I do not think that any motorist wishful of seeing the best of Scotland could do better than follow the routes indicated by this latest production for the Automobile Association by Jimmy Ker.

Old Hy.

THE 4½ H.P. HUMBER COMBINATION

The latest model from the Humber factories and one of the quietest machines on the road, at the same time capable of a good average speed. It is a machine which is essentially easy of control and adjustment The goggles worn by the driver are made of the famous Triplex unsplinterable glass

THE

"WOLSELEY"

PROGRAMME FOR 1923 SEASON.

THE REMARKABLE SUCCESS which has attended the comprehensive Wolseley policy has been the most striking feature of the past motoring season. The great demand for Wolseley cars has enabled the Company to embark on a still wider programme of production and standardisation, with the result that they are able to make very substantial **Reductions in Prices,** whilst maintaining, and even increasing, the **quality of Wolseley products.**

During the past year the soundness of Wolseley standard construction has been abundantly proved by long-distance **Record-breaking tests** at Brooklands, in the strenuous **Six-days Scottish Trial,** and still more so in the real test of everyday use by hosts of Wolseley owners, who enthusiastically testify to their remarkable combination of desirable qualities.

In comfort, in road performance, and in running economy, **every Wolseley Model is the LEADER in its Class.**

PRICES.

These Prices will rule from Sept. 1st, 1922.

The Wolseley Seven.

Two-seater	£255

The Wolseley Ten.

Two-seater, *Specifcn. A*	£380
,, ,, ,, *B*	£355
Four-seater, *Specifcn. A*	£425
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Two-seater Coupé —*Fixed Head*	£550
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The Wolseley Fourteen.

Touring Car ...	£525

The Wolseley Fifteen.

Four-seater Touring Car	£660
Five-seater ,, ,,	£725
Seven-seater ,, ,,	£825

The Wolseley Fifteen—contd.

Two-seater Touring Car	£675
Sporting Model ...	£795
Single Landaulette ...	£895
Saloon—*to seat four*	£895
Two-seater Coupé ...	£895
Four-seater Coupé ...	£975
Town Carriage ...	£1050

The Wolseley Twenty.

Touring Car de luxe "*C*"	£995
,, ,, ,, ,, "*D*"	£1095
Sporting Model de luxe	£1095
Landaulette de luxe	£1275
Limousine de luxe...	£1300
Four-seater Coupé de luxe	£1250

The Wolseley 24/30 h.p.

Town Landaulette de luxe	£1500
Touring Landaulette ,,	£1450
Saloon-Limousine ,,	£1575

Dunlop Tyres fitted as standard. *Catalogue No. 19, post free.*

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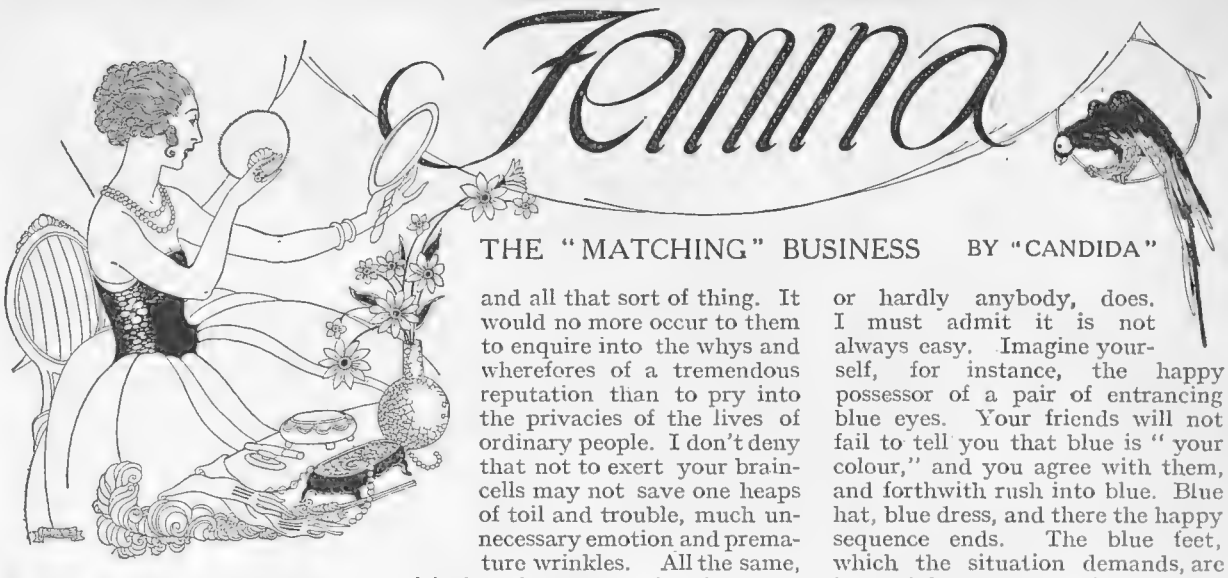

THE "MATCHING" BUSINESS

BY "CANDIDA"

HAVE you ever spent an agonised morning in Oxford Street with a pattern in your purse, a grim determination in your heart, and a weariness in all your bones? The key to the situation is the pattern of stuff. You went out early in the hope of matching it. Mysterious word which means so little to the uninitiated, and so much to those who know! Your reputation as a woman of taste hangs on the slender chance that London will be able to produce the particularly impossible shade you want, for the shade one is looking for is nearly always impossible. Think of the tremendous issues that hang on the success of your quest! They are responsible for that unanalysed something which makes people stop and stare, which is at the bottom of the difference between your charming self and the lady who means well, and leaves it at that. For that marvellous sense of harmony, the studied perfection we feel without knowing the reason why, is made up of nothing more mysterious than a succession of careful matchings from head to foot, including, which is very important, both the head and the foot.

To match, or not to match? It does not seem much of a question, and yet thereby hangs no end of a reputation. Most people will tell you, for instance, how wonderfully good they are at the dressing business in Paris, and how that's that, just as you and I would assent to an unalterable law of Nature. They are, because they are; ordained, so to speak, from the foundation of the world, and all that sort of thing. It would no more occur to them to enquire into the whys and wherefores of a tremendous reputation than to pry into the privacies of the lives of ordinary people. I don't deny that not to exert your brain-cells may not save one heaps of toil and trouble, much unnecessary emotion and premature wrinkles. All the same, it's the only game that's quite worth the candle while we're alive at all.

On the strength of having tried to understand the reason for that finished miracle of creation that calls itself a Parisian lady of fashion, I'll not pretend that I have fathomed all there is to know about her. But one thing I have gathered, because it is too obviously plain—at least you'd think so—to elude anybody. She matches from top to toe, and a very elegant top it is. Also a particularly charming toe. Anybody can do that, so you'd think, but, as it happens, nobody, or hardly anybody, does. I must admit it is not always easy. Imagine yourself, for instance, the happy possessor of a pair of entrancing blue eyes. Your friends will not fail to tell you that blue is "your colour," and you agree with them, and forthwith rush into blue. Blue hat, blue dress, and there the happy sequence ends. The blue feet, which the situation demands, are impossible. The stockings can be managed at a pinch, but the shoes remain a problem. No one has ever heard of nattier-blue leather, and the shoemaker is not going to try at his time of life. So with the best of matching intentions, you are forced to pause and ponder. Should you sacrifice your feet to your eyes, or your eyes to your feet? In London it's nearly always the eyes that have it.

In one's desire to be picturesque one loses sight of the harmony of the *tout ensemble*, and forgets that to produce a work of art one must be willing to give up purple patches. Our adoration for colour, because "it matches one's eyes, or goes with one's hair," or simply because we like it, is our purple patch. They don't bother about eyes and all that sort of thing in Paris. They know better. Theirs is the admirable restraint of the maker of masterpieces. They are willing to sink all their pet prejudices in favour of the vivid, the artistic and the picturesque, and be nothing more exciting than a delicious study in black, white, or grey. This is the real reason for the everlasting popularity of these shades, or absence of shades, in Paris; they are comparatively easy to match. When people tell you that Frenchwomen are *chic* because their ancestresses have always taken immense pains with their appearance, and that to-day's product is born elegant, so to speak, don't you believe them. It's the matching that does it. Therefore, in dressing, black, white, and grey, the line of least resistance is the one to choose.

CANDIDA

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

"THE BEAUTIFULLEST BEST-DRESSED WOMAN IN LONDON"

Miss Josephine Earle in a Spanish inspired creation of charmeuse and lace surmounted by an imposing mantilla. At the moment she is having much success in amusing the habitués of the New Murray's Club with some clever songs and dances

"The THREE CASTLES"

Virginia Cigarettes

The Cigarette with the Pedigree

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE.

"The 9 of Aprill 1585 he departed from Plimouth with 7 sayle" carrying with him Raleigh's first colony to Virginia. But his name rests upon his exploits against the Spaniards and upon "the fight of the one and the fifty-three." Gallant Sir Richard. Yours was a life to inspire achievement be the thing big or be it small! And a "Three Castles" Cigarette has in it a very long line of endeavour in the cultivation of Tobacco & moreover represents the highest achievement in the manufacture of Virginia Cigarettes.

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the —
"THREE CASTLES."
W.M. Thackeray "The Virginians"

W.D. & H.O. WILLS,
Bristol and London, England

T.C. 21

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THE
BYSTANDER

No. 979.—Vol. LXXV. Wednesday, September 6. 1922 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Gerrard 37.
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Close to Richmond Park and the River Thames.

FOR SALE, MEDIUM-SIZED EARLY GEORGIAN FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, in pleasant and quiet position: 9 bed and dressing rooms, smoking and dining rooms, fine double drawing room, lounge hall and ample offices; stabling, garage, cottages for chauffeur and gardener, glasshouses; lovely old garden of about 2½ ACRES, with valuable frontage to old road; electric light, gas and water; main drainage.

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IN THE LOVELY DISTRICT OF ORPINGTON.

Gravel soil. 200ft. above sea level. Rural situation. Only 15 miles from town. Views over open country. Easy reach of 2 stations.

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AN EXCEPTIONALLY CHARMING MODERN RESIDENCE, beautifully situate in a well-timbered park approached by drive and commanding fine sea and land views. Contains: lounge hall, 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, 3 fitted bathrooms, and good offices, with servants' hall.

FULL-SIZE BILLIARD ROOM.

Electric light. Radiators. Main water. 2 double garages, stabling for 9, and 3 capital cottages; entrance lodge and small Farmery.

FINE OLD GROUNDS

and parklands of about 60 acres, wide-spreading lawns, walled kitchen garden, woodland walks, etc. Apply—

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BETWEEN 4 AND 5 ACRES,

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Central heating, Company's water.—Full details of

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SPLENDID HOUSE. EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS.

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Beautiful and inexpensive pleasure grounds, tennis and other lawns, flower gardens, productive kitchen garden, in all about 1½ acres.

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REDHILL AND EAST GRINSTEAD (BETWEEN).

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A CHARMING, NEWLY DECORATED, FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, within 2 miles of railway station, 5 minutes of 'bus routes. Contains: square lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom; dairy and useful offices; 2 garages; stabling and outbuildings; Co.'s water: central heating throughout: cesspool drainage.

MATURED PLEASURE GROUNDS,

laid out in lawn and flower beds, kitchen garden, orchard, meadowland, the whole covering an area of about 10 acres.

SUITABLE FOR POULTRY FARM.

Inspected and strongly recommended.

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BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

Between Hereford and Gloucester.

500 ft. up. Splendid views.

DESIRABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a high and healthy position, convenient to stations, post office and shops: hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; modern sanitation; cottage; stabling and garage; outbuildings.

Beautifully matured pleasure grounds, including tennis lawn, herbaceous borders, productive kitchen garden with fruit trees; thriving orchard and meadowland, in all about 7 acres. Low price of £2,500 or offer.

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PRICE £2,800 (OR NEAR OFFER).

Glorious Position. Fine Views. Exceptionally Delightful

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BEACONSFIELD AND AMERSHAM.—In this exquisitely beautiful and healthy country, standing some 500 ft. above sea, with views for miles over a delightful and undulating district.

It is an exceedingly well-built House, in splendid order, and altogether forms a delightful abode. Contains: hall, 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Water and gas laid on.

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In a charming position, convenient for station, post office, etc.

CAPITAL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE: hall, 3 reception rooms, studio, billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and offices.

Electric light. Main water. Modern drainage.

Beautifully timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, sloping lawns, etc. in all about 7¼ ACRES.

Stabling. Garage. Cottage.

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By direction of Major C. C. Gouldsmith. Preliminary Announcement.

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Excellent stabling, 2 Farms, useful Buildings, 4 Cottages.

Delightful old gardens, orchard, etc. With the small Park and Farmlands (mainly sound pasture), the total area is about 250 ACRES.

Fine Centre for Polo and Hunting.

For SALE, Privately, or by Auction at an early date.

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A GOLFER'S OPPORTUNITY.

Built for the Owner's occupation, and fitted regardless of expense.

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Situated near the club-house, it is in a secluded position, and is approached by carriage drive. It contains: hall, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, etc.

GARAGE. MEN'S ROOMS. COTTAGE.

Beautiful Gardens of 2 acres.

FOR SALE.

Full details from CONSTABLE and MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W. 1, and Stow-on-the-Wold, Glos.

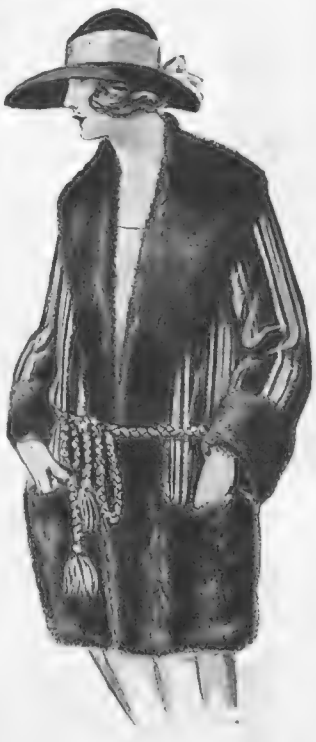
Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

SMART AND EXCLUSIVE KNITTED SPORTS COAT FOR PRESENT WEAR

Knitted Sports Coat (as sketch) made of soft wool knitted in a fine stitch with stripes of contrasting colourings. Collar and deep border of soft fleecy wool, a very attractive and useful coat.

PRICE 84/-

Super quality mercerised Lisle Hose, fully fashioned, specially strengthened feet, excellent in wear, and having a very silky appearance, embroidered silk clox. In Black, White, Silver, Grey, Putty, Coating, Mole, Nigger, Tan and Brown.
per pair 6/6



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CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our Children's Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and we have a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all our productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert and made on the premises by our own workers from high grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

SMART AUTUMN COAT (as sketch) for little girl in good quality corded velour cloth, lined silk and trimmed grey lamb. In Poppy Red, or Dark Reseda.

	Price
Size for 2 years	9 Gns.
„ „ 3 „	9½ Gns.
„ „ 4 „	10 Gns.
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Smart Hat in grey panne trimmed ribbon, 79/6

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody (INCORPORATED LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
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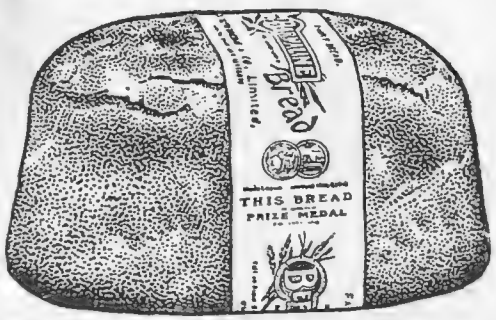
Your Bread

"A treat to eat."



THE choicest wheat and malted barley—nature's greatest life-sustaining gifts—prepared by the "Bermaline" process, which not only increases the nutritive value of the bread but makes it easier to digest, give to "Bermaline" a food value much greater than that of ordinary bread. Indeed, than "Bermaline" there is no finer bread baked. It is a complete, highly-nourishing food, with the added virtue of being perfectly delicious. Just try it for a change.

The Proprietors of "Bermaline" MONTGOMERIE & CO., LTD., IBROX, GLASGOW, supply the special ingredients for making "Bermaline" Bread to Bakers who are agents throughout the United Kingdom.

M3.

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By the Introduction of Nuctone Grey Hair Treatment

The action of NUCTONE is quite different from that of Hair dyes. NUCTONE restores to the cells of the Hair those pigments which nature has ceased to supply, and the colour returns gradually, permanently and safely, by the action of light and air upon the hair.

Everyone who has tried NUCTONE Grey Hair Treatment is delighted with the results, especially as these results are unattended by the risks frequently accompanying the use of ordinary Hair dyes.

Further information regarding this wonderful Treatment will be given on request. Where possible, a personal call is advisable. NUCTONE Grey Hair Treatment is practised by leading Hairdressers.

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Try our postal system of Dry Cleaning. You save money—you save time—and you are satisfied. Our process is justly famous, and the prices are:

BLOUSES, 2/-; DRESSES, 6/-
COSTUMES, 6/6; GENTS' SUITS, 6/6

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MARYHILL GLASGOW

Write to-day for copy of illustrated Household Linen List No. 44 T., sent post free. We pay carriage on orders of 20/- and upwards in the U.K.

IRISH LINEN

ROBINSON & CLEAVER have gained the reputation of being one of the finest IRISH LINEN makers. Their Linens are woven on their own looms, and, as actual makers, they offer you the full advantages of buying direct.

No. B.99.—PURE IRISH LINEN DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS AND NAPKINS.

2 x 2 yards	.. .. ..	each	28/6	36/9	44/9
2 x 3 "	.. ..	"	42/9	55/-	67/3
Napkins, 22 x 22 ins	..	per dozen	32/6	42/3	53/6
" 26 x 26 ins	.. .. ..	"	45/6	59/3	75/9

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD
LINEN MANUFACTURERS, BELFAST, IRELAND.

GOOCHS
VOGUE & VALUE

For your Autumn wear —Goochs! See the evening gowns of subtle charm — walking frocks of distinctive simplicity. See the alluring display of advance Autumn modes this week. Originality without extravagance.

"MAVIS"
Charming Young Ladies' Evening Gown of floral crêpe de chine, long becoming waist line; trimmed fashionable plis lingerie and silk fringe; tunic skirt. In Pink and Peach colour only. PRICE **5½ Gns.**

"LOUISETTE."
Charming, well-cut Morning Frock of wool jersey, dropped stitch pattern, pockets on bodice and skirt. In Ivory, Jade, Putty, Grey, Black, Mid Blue, Tan, Brown, Saxe, and Peacock PRICE **55/11**

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FOR LIGHTER & WARMER AUTUMN-WINTER WRAPS

Moss-like in texture for lightness: virgin wool for warmth, softness and fixity of colours.

£9 9 0 double-breasted. **£8 8 0** single-breasted.
Ready to wear or to order. Men's coats same prices.

SOLE MAKERS:

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Mention of *Bystander* will bring catalogue and patterns by return mail

100 REGENT ST. LONDON W1.

Renowned for weatherproofs since 1851.

Your Ultimate choice Emile's artistic Transformation.
Write for beautiful Brochure.

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THE LEADING COURT HAIRDRESSER
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Gives Perfection to the Complexion.

NOTHING equals Regesan Cream for preserving and beautifying the skin and complexion. It has a definite tonic-action that is wonderfully refreshing, and a little applied to the face, neck and hands, acts as an admirable protection against the adverse effects of sun, wind and weather. Regesan Cream is pure and emollient and does not encourage hair growth, it frees the pores of the skin from dust, and takes away blemishes.

Indispensable for the out-door girl and those who require a toilet preparation **better** than the average.

Regesan Cream

1/9 and 1/- per pot.

Obtainable from all branches of

The Boots Chemists

Chief London Branches:

182 Regent Street, W.1
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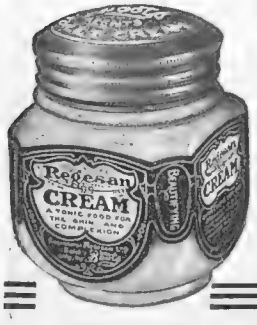
Over 600 branches throughout the Country.

Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd. R.C.2

LADIES will find in the Toilet Dept. of BOOTS *The* Chemists every hygienic requisite that science has perfected for the preservation and care of the hair, the teeth, the skin and complexion.



RICH LYONS CHIFFON VELVET TEA GOWNS

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the months of August and September, we have designed and made in our own workrooms from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of Chiffon Velvet Tea Gowns, of which sketch is a typical example.

"ELLA."

GRACEFUL TEA GOWN in rich Lyons Chiffon Velvet which slips over the head without any fastening, is caught in at the low waist with side gaugings and self corded belt, has the distinction of the new side trains and is finished with self binds. In a large range of colours and black.

SPECIAL PRICE

6½ Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

Sent on approval.

Old Father Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get his old crony a drink;
He brought from there, with a satisfied air,
A bottle of — *what do you think?*

Greer's O.V.H SCOTCH WHISKY

of course — See that you always have a supply handy

WM. GREER & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, GLASGOW.
London Office: 35, Trinity Square, E.C.3. Φ_2

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

MANY faces are necessarily turned homewards at the beginning of September, and luggage-laden railway omnibuses are already to be seen filled with brown-faced children still under the glamour of the holidays. All the same, those who are in a position to do so are likely to extend their visit to seaside or country until the last possible moment.

The Finest Taste and Quality in Children's Clothes

As a matter of fact, the bulk of the orders for school outfits are well in hand at such houses as Rowe of New Bond Street. The regular *clientèle* here have such abiding faith in the resource, capabilities, and knowledge of this firm, that beyond a few requisite measurements everything is left in the capable hands of these world-wide experts. For not only has Rowe's name travelled to the four corners of the earth, but the heads make periodical visits to inspect the various agencies, and take stock of the demands exacted by the different climates.

Rowe of Gosport has, indeed, an enviable reputation, and they never deviate from their creed that superfine materials, and the best of workmanship, spells the truest economy in the long run. Every garment built and turned out by them bears the hall-mark of excellence which it carries to the last moment of its existence.

Woolly suits for little boys, and frocks for girls are rather an obsession at Bond Street just now, the former for quite tinies, comprising knickers, jersey, and tie complete, a splendid range of colours being found in these suits. For bettermost wear and slightly older boys, there are the most fascinating suits of gabardine with fancy waistcoats.

ATTRACTIVE CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

The little boy's short coat is of dark brown with a double-breast effect achieved through the medium of four large buttons, the fronts opening on a high-neck waistcoat with turnover collar of white bengaline. The chic coat-wrap, admirably suitable for a girl of five to seven, is carried out in a beautiful shade of rose French velour, the attractive cape sleeves being lined with pale grey satin, toned to the high collar of Chinese slink lamb

Sketched at Rowe's by Betty Nisbet

The example, illustrated, is of dark brown, the short coat accorded a double-breast effect through the medium of four large pierced buttons. The fronts opening on a high neck waistcoat with turnover collar of white bengaline. A scheme that at once appeals as sturdy, smart, and yet not too severe for the still rounded limbs of a lad of about four years of age.

Equally appropriate is the *chic* coat wrap sketched, and suitable to a girl of from five to seven years. The actual model illustrated is carried out in a lovely shade of rose French velour, the charming cape sleeves, that form so striking a feature of the model, being lined with pale grey satin, toned to the high collar of Chinese slink lamb.

This style of wrap is quite as easily slipped into as a cloak, and far more practical, while the accompanying little Cossack cap is characteristic of Rowe's fine and individual taste. One may safely predict a success for such a very attractive model as this, which can be made in many other materials and colours.

A DISTINCTIVE COAT AND SKIRT

This is of brown suiting cloth, faintly and finely striped with dull orange, the coat having a slit up either side, the fronts closing with a single button at the base of long lapels, a high quality fancy satin lining the whole throughout. It is supremely tailored and wearable in either town or country

Sketched at Kenneth Durward's by Betty Nisbet

The jolliest overcoats for school and knock-about wear are fashioned of nap cloth, and everything pertaining to older girls' outfits, from the most intimate under-garments to dance dresses, are fully represented in this first-floor *salon*, which likewise deals with tiny boys.

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

The ground floor is entirely given over to the older boys and those renowned sailor suits for which the name of Rowe stands first the world over.

The Typical English Tailor-Made

THERE is never any question as to the correctness of the classical type of coat and skirt to be found at Kenneth Durward's, Conduit Street, W. In this regard they are always absolutely "it," using just the right material and colours, besides investing all their models with those little subtle differences of cut and form that serve to stamp each season's models as new.

It is thus with the example pictured on the previous page, a suit of brown suiting cloth, faintly and finely striped with dull orange. The coat, on habit lines, has a slit-up either side, the fronts closing with a single button at the base of long lapels, a high quality fancy satin lining the whole throughout. There is so little one can say of a coat and skirt of this description, the onus resting so entirely on perfection of cut, poise, and supremely fine expert tailoring; a remark that holds good of all Kenneth Durward's garments, be they of the all-round useful order, wearable in town or country, the typical rough-and-ready country costume, or one of those wonderful wrap-coats which have for so many years been a leading speciality with the firm.

Working, as they do, within strictly limited lines, it is amazing how each season seems to bring about so much change and variety; and, akin with all our best tailoring establishments, they make a speciality of exclusive materials.

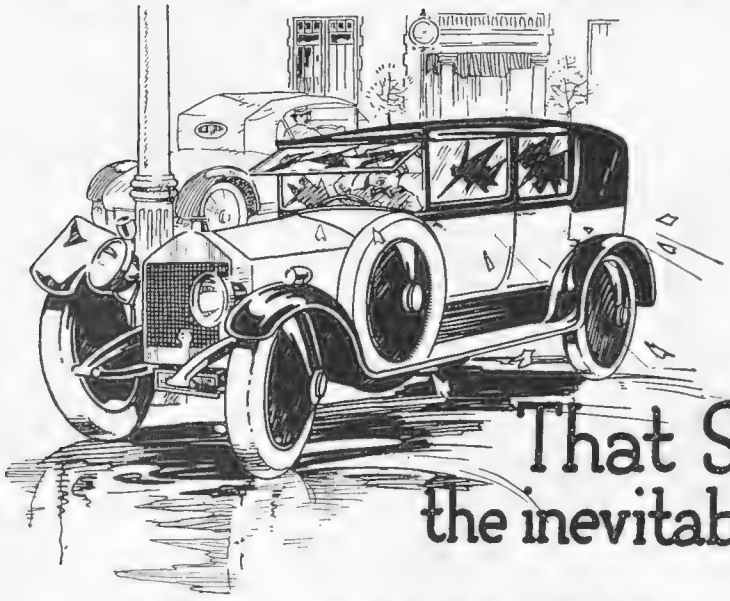
THE PERFECT FIGURE

It is very rare that any figure, slender or full, is not improved by the wearing of these perfectly fitting Gossard corsets, which have arrived at the finest point of perfection and design

The Gift of Eve

MOTHER EVE has a good deal to answer for. It was she, anyway, who started the eternal feminine, and according to the writer of a most readable little brochure issued under the above title by the British H. W. Gossard Co., Ltd., 168, Regent Street, God gave Eve two-thirds of all the beauty. This, by the way, is a Mahommedan saying, the writer going on to show how it is up to Eve's descendants to cultivate, by the aid of artistry, the remaining one-third. After dealing with skins and complexions, hair and hands, the choosing of a hat, jewels, colours, and styles in dress, this compiler of *The Gift of Eve* reaches the most important thing of all, the figure.

(*Continued on page x*)



— Flying — Jagged glass — which may cause blindness, mutilation or even death.

That Skid and the inevitable splinters!

The most skilful driver cannot avoid an occasional skid, but the danger of flying, splintered glass which may result can be eliminated. If your Car windows and wind screen are of ordinary glass you are exposing your wife, kiddies and friends to the danger that causes most of the personal injuries in an accident.

BE WARNED BEFORE TOO LATE.

Triplex cannot splinter or fly, is perfectly transparent, and not wired. Fitted by all coachbuilders and garages. We can supply in 48 hours.

DON'T DELAY AND DON'T BE PUT OFF.

Write for Catalogue "B" and full particulars.

TRIPLEX goggles from 8/6. From all opticians, stores, etc. Also Triplex lenses for all sights from opticians

Triplex Safety Glass

CANNOT SPLINTER

1 ALBEMARLE ST. PICCADILLY LONDON, W.1.

Kennington Servic

WONDERFUL VALUE IN
CREPE-DE-CHINE
LINGERIE

This attractive and inexpensive Lingerie Set is an exact copy of a French model and is entirely hand-made by our own workers from pure silk crêpe de Chine. The cut, shape and finish are excellent.

NIGHTDRESS (as sketch) in pure silk crêpe de Chine, entirely hand-made, dainty rever neck trimmed with frilled ecru net, finished at waist with group of gauging and sash. In Pink, Sky, Yellow, Ivory, Mauve and Coral.

PRICE

39/6

Chemise to match, - **29/6**
Knickers to match, - **29/6**

In good quality "Crepe Velia." In Ivory, Sky, Mauve, Ochre, Rose and Cinnamon.

Nightdress - - - - **35/9**
Chemise to match - **25/9**
Knickers to match - **25/9**

Lace Mob Boudoir Cap, trimmed with ribbon bow, **18/9**

Sent on approval

Debenham & Freebody
(LIMITED)
Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

What Franco-Barbe Customers say

"Splendid job — at so low a cost!"

"I have received the overcoat referred to and have great pleasure indeed in expressing my complete satisfaction with the splendid job you have made, at so low a cost. I will assuredly advise my friends to deal with you."—J. D. T., St. Margaret's Hope, Orkney.

This is typical of the testimony received from many hundreds of enthusiastic customers regarding the unique Franco-Barbe Process of Cleaning, *Retinting* and Reproofing Weatherproofs.

Gentlemen's Weatherproofs Franco-Barbe Cleaned, *Retinted* and Reproofed NOW, 8/6. Ladies' Weatherproofs NOW, 7/6. Suits Franco-Barbe Cleaned and Tailor-pressed, NOW, 8/6. Costumes NOW, from 7/6. (Minor repairs free).

If you have a badly soiled streaky-looking weatherproof, do not hesitate to post it right away for this Special Treatment to Dept. B.W., Castlebank Dyeworks, Anniesland, Glasgow.

Ask for Fleur-de-Lys No. 10, the interesting Magazine Price List free on request.

Alex. Kennedy & Sons Ltd.

Castlebank Dyeworks
Anniesland Glasgow

C. Brandauer & Co.'s, LTD.
CIRCULAR POINTED
PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These series of Pens neither scratch nor spurt. They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted Sample Boxes, 10½d., to be obtained from all Stationers. If out of stock, send 10½d. in stamps direct to the Works, BIRMINGHAM

Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series

London Warehouse: **124, NEWGATE ST., E.C.**

The Same Look

the same Lustre, Loveliness, Tone, Radiance and Symmetry as genuine Oriental Pearls; the same Sheen, Texture, Weight, Size and Lasting Qualities; the same Naturalness, so that when worn with real pearls it is impossible to distinguish one from the other. The only reproductions of the genuine deep-sea pearl possessing all these essential qualities are

Ciro Pearls

They are real pearls in everything but origin and name. They differ only in their price. A delighted wearer wrote recently: "I would like to tell you that my pearls were mistaken for real ones by a lady who has a £400 row herself and her mother a £10,000 necklace."

As the Editor of "TRUTH" says: "They are as wonderful in their way as the product of the oyster-shell itself and just as beautiful."

Yet in spite of such testimony and the established reputation CIRO PEARLS have attained, we are willing that you should judge for yourself the delicacy of tint and texture and flawless fidelity of these remarkable reproductions. If you come to our Showrooms your own eyes will convince you, or if you cannot, avail yourself of

OUR UNIQUE OFFER

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a ring, brooch, ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet, No. 7, sent post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7.

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor over Lloyd's Bank, near Piccadilly

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

There is, for instance, the tall, slender form, and the short, slender form, the thick-through figure, and the unduly full figure, all whereof demand special handling. Any drastic attempt to change any one is to court disaster, though that is not for a moment to say that a corset cannot mould, restrain, or supplement as required, easily, naturally, and without the slightest injury to the internal organs.

And this, in brief, accounts for the sensational success of the Gossard build, a firm who introduced what is termed type corsetry, a study they have brought to the finest point of perfection by long and elaborate test. The Gossard people are all against conforming to some passing style and tendency, and they never sell a corset without a fitting. That is an adamant rule with them. The model pictured is for the ideal slender form. A young slender figure is round, but as one grows older the soft curves are apt to become angles, and only a well-built corset can conceal these. And practically the same model is obtainable for a short slender person.

As a start off send for and read *The Gift of Eve*, and that those who do will speedily make a bee-line for 168, Regent Street, is a safe prediction.

An Expensive Habit

Playing with a Dunlop ball on each occasion Mr. Ernest Newbury, professional to the Hankley Common Golf Club, Farnham, did the eighth hole (120 yards) and the ninth hole (208 yards) each in one stroke, and within a fortnight of each other. In an amateur, at all events, this could almost be characterised as an expensive habit.

DUTCH GIRL GUIDES

Through the hospitality of Lord Waring, these Dutch girl guides on their first visit to England, are encamped at Foots Cray Place at Sidcup in Kent, Lord Waring's seat

A Fairyland of Light

A very artistic and effective illuminated sign has just begun to cast its brilliance along Bond Street in the form of two long strings of Ciro pearls, each gem radiating a dazzling circle of light. Being at the Piccadilly end it has within the last day or two attracted large numbers into the fashionable shopping street to gaze upon the artistry and vivid illumination of this novel piece of lighting effect. Bond Street has previously been somewhat dull o' nights, but if the enterprise of Ciro Pearls is copied, as it doubtless will be, it may become a fairyland of gay lights.

A Dirt Dispenser

Whether you own a car or merely mow the lawn occasionally everyone now and then gets grease and grime marks on their hands which do not immediately disappear on the application of soap and water, and after they are eventually dispelled possibly leave a sore and blemished skin. "Olof" Cream is an invaluable remedy for the removal of any dirt on face or hands, for without water or soap it removes the most obstinate spots. It is antiseptic, heals cuts and abrasions, dissolving grease and dirt and smoothing the skin. It may be obtained of all chemists or grocery stores or on application to John Knight, Ltd., London, E.

Maison Lyons' CHOCOLATES

Are the first choice of the connoisseur. There are nearly a hundred different centres to choose from, each with a charm of its own and each with a covering of velvety smoothness. 4/- lb.

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MAISON LYONS, 211, Regent St., and SHAFTESBURY AVENUE.

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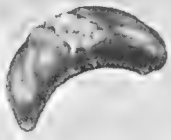
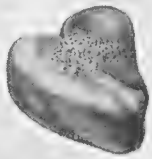
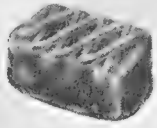


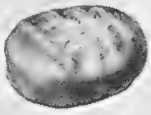
ROSE CREAM



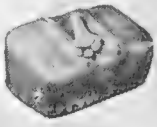
CARAMELINE



BISCUITINE



PALAIS DE DAME



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MONTMORENCY

Made in Twenty-four Beautiful Shades

Navy Blue	*Purple*
Light Navy	*Old Gold*
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Royal Blue	*Black*
Pale Blue	*Geranium Red*
Shell Pink	*Pillar Box Red*
Salmon Pink	*Nigger Brown*
Old Rose	*Tabac Brown*
Rust Red	*Daffodil Yellow*
Reseda	*Tangerine*
Lilac	*Grass Green*
Wine	*Jade Green*

Colour Hint No. 2.

The brunette looks well in warm rich shades such as browns, deep blues, reds, wine or purple—shell pink and grey are also becoming to the dark-haired daughter of Eve. Twink provides all these colours in their most artistic and harmonious shades.

Twink *will make your dress more becoming*

THE dark-haired lady is doubly bewitching when she wears those Twink colours which give added beauty and fascination to the gloss of her hair, her fresh complexion or skin of clear olive. It's such a simple matter to have frocks in the colours that suit you—*Twink them!*

You need not have a single faded frock, or one in a colour you don't like; Twink is so easy and economical. Twink your frocks, blouses, jumpers, and sports coats—keep them new, fresh and becoming.

PRICE 7½D. PER PACKET.

Of all Chemists, Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

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Twink

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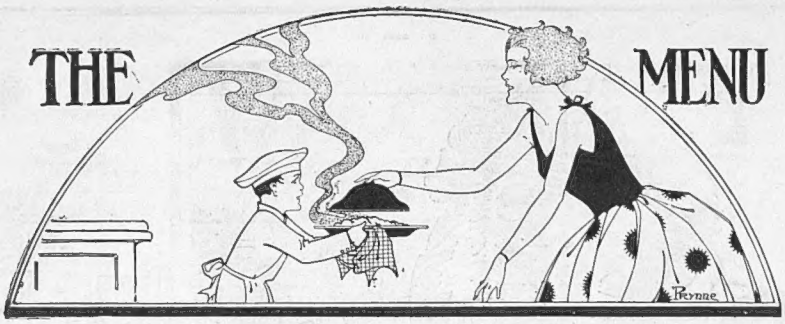


AN AUTUMN DINNER

Clear Soup
Fillets of Turbot with Wine Sauce
Roast Goose Banana Stuffing
French Beans Potatoes à la Mode
Compote of Peaches
Stone Cream Cheese Crab
Dessert Coffee Liqueurs

Fillets of Turbot with Wine Sauce

Cut small fillets of turbot and put them in a buttered saucepan, season with salt and pepper, moisten with a wineglassful of white wine, and about a tablespoonful of Lea and Perrins' Worcestershire sauce or ketchup, also two small onions and a little mace. Cover with buttered paper, and cook in a moderate oven for half an hour. Make a white roux with 1 oz. of butter and ¾ oz. of flour, moisten with a gill of fish stock, a little boiled milk, and the liquor from the fillets; stir until it boils, and let simmer for ten minutes. Season and strain the sauce, have ready some tomatoes cut in slices, which have been cooked in butter or margarine, put these on the fillets, pour over the sauce, and serve.

Roast Goose with Banana Stuffing

Singe and draw a tender goose. Prepare a stuffing as follows: Peel six or eight ripe bananas, and chop them rather coarsely, season well with salt and pepper, and add half a breakfast cup of white breadcrumbs, a beaten egg, chopped parsley, and some savoury herbs to taste. Mix the whole well, and stuff the goose in the usual way with this preparation. Serve with gravy and apple sauce.

Potatoes à la Mode

Cut some potatoes that have been pealed in slices, lengthwise, half an inch thick, dry them in a cloth. Have some boiling fat in a frying-pan, and fry the potatoes for ten minutes. Take them out and drain them, let them get nearly cold. Boil the fat up again, and when boiling, put in the potatoes, and fry them for four minutes, when they should come out perfectly dry, a pale gold colour and much swollen; sprinkle with salt, and serve quickly.

Compote of Peaches

Pare 1 lb. of peaches, and stew them for twenty minutes in a light syrup, made with 5 ozs. of sugar and half a pint of water boiled together for ten minutes. Dish up the fruit, reduce the syrup by quick boiling, pour over the peaches, and serve them hot or cold. Peaches or nectarines that have not ripened properly can be treated in this way. Serve with cream.

Stone Cream

Boil ½ oz. of gelatine in a little milk until dissolved then add half a pint of milk, a wineglassful of Marsala, the peel of one lemon, and the juice of half, and white sugar to taste. Whisk them together until it thickens. Put in a mould to set.

Cheese Crab

Take about 2 ozs. of grated cheese, ½ oz. of butter, a small teaspoonful of made mustard, and the same quantity of anchovy paste and a little pepper. Mash all well together with a silver fork, and put into small china shells. Decorate with parsley, and serve with thin slices of toast. Emilia

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW JUMPERS FOR EARLY AUTUMN WEAR

Attractive Jumper in blistered silk, lined through with Jap silk. Border and cuffs of fur. In Black, White, All Black, Brown, Grey and White.

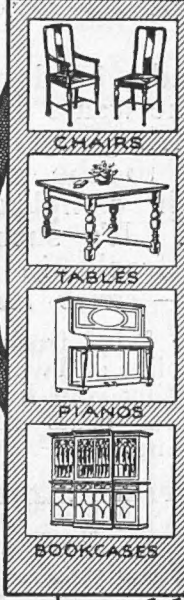
PRICE £5 18 6

Super quality all wool SPORTS HOSE, specially spliced feet, fully fashioned. In Grey, Fawn, Putty, or Mole ground with check design in contrasting colour. Per pair 21/9

Heavy pure SILK HOSE with lisle feet and tops. Specially recommended for hard wear in Pearl, Grey, Silver, Putty, Tan, Nigger, Apricot, Royal, Navy, Rose, Black and Cream. Per pair 9/11

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

RONUK Furniture Cream is Splendid!



It gives such a beautiful non-finger-marking and lasting polish, so easily and quickly, that you find your furniture looking brighter and better than ever before and yet you have more time for other things.

RONUK FURNITURE CREAM has the same clean and pleasant smell as RONUK FLOOR POLISH and in the same way POLISHES, PRESERVES, PURIFIES.

"The Brightest Shine in the Shortest time"

Sold everywhere in blue jars and glass bottles.

(NOTE:—The blue jars when empty make artistic vases.)

Manufactured by RONUK, LIMITED, PORTSLADE, SUSSEX.

RONUK FLOOR POLISH
Lengthens the Life of Linoleum

Healthy Beauty is more than "Skin Deep."

It is upon the proper nourishment of the delicate tissues beneath the skin surface that rosy, healthy, beauty really depends.

BEETHAM'S
La-rola
(as pre-war)

is considered by thousands of women to be the ideal emollient for guarding the skin surface against the ill effects of the sun, and windy weather, while nourishing the deeper tissues and preventing wrinkles and sagging lines.

La-rola should be used regularly night and morning, and before and after exposure out of doors.

From all Chemists and Stores, 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.

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CHELTENHAM SPA, ENGLAND.

Tel: 52 Broxbourne.

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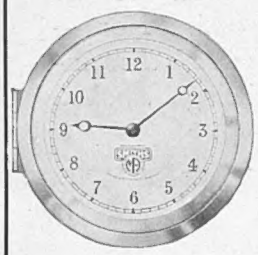
From **10 Gns.** PUPS **5 Gns.**

Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts
30 mins. from Liverpool Street

SMITH'S

British Motor Clock



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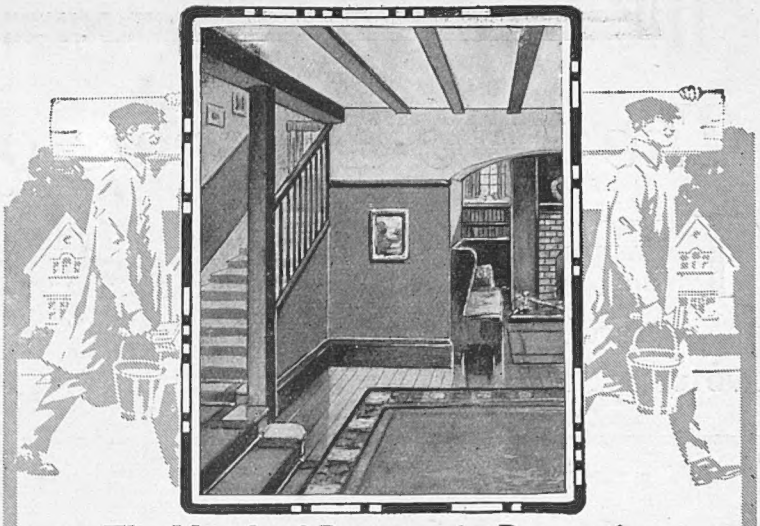

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costs less at first and lasts longer. It makes walls pictures in themselves, and each room a fitting setting for the advantageous display of the furniture, pictures, etc., of the home.

Hall's Distemper is quickly applied and free from the objectionable smell of paint. While presenting a wall surface soft and velvet-like to the eye, it sets hard as cement. This hard-setting quality makes Hall's Distemper durable and washable.

Your decorator can quickly change your paper-covered walls; select from the beautiful range of colours in the Hall's Distemper pattern book, which he will show you on request.

By Appointment to H.M. The King

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SUIT 45/-; O'COAT 35/-; LADY'S COSTUME 50/-

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ALWAYS SET FIRM **Clark's JELLIES**

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Have one in Your Garden

THESE trim weather-proof shelters are designed to afford fresh air, but with perfect protection from strong winds. They are equally suitable for summer-houses or for the use of patients who need open-air treatment.

Write for Catalogue No. A.75 to-day.

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HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS, NORWICH

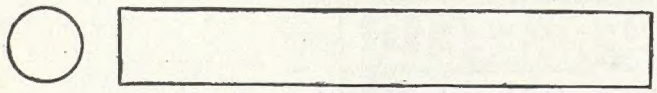
The Two Troopers of the Greys

TWO troopers of the Greys as they fought at Minden. May we be forgiven for a new twist to a very old tag and say there's only one thing better than a "GREYS" and that's two "GREYS"—two of the big, sweet-smoking cigarettes in the famous pale green box with the Greys badge and battle honours upon it.

Of course, one might go on and add one to two; and two to three; and yet again three to four; and so on. But you *can* have too much of a good thing in the sense that you may spoil the good thing by too frequent repetition. The true pleasure of "GREYS" smoking doesn't go to the "chain-smoker." A "GREYS" is too good a thing to be a mere link in a chain. It is an event by itself to be savoured and pondered on.—A "GREYS" is worth the compliment of being smoked critically.

The "GREYS"

The BIG Cigarette with the Choice Flavour



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20 for 1/5

50 for 3/6 100 for 7/-

Of High-class Tobacconists and Stores everywhere. Also sold suitably packed for export.

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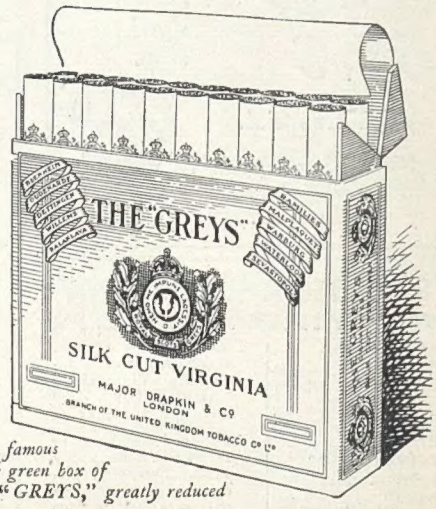
For a fragrant, cool-smoking mixture that "makes your pipe a better pal" you cannot better

"GREYS" SMOKING MIXTURE
1/- per OZ.



The famous pale green box of 20 "GREYS," greatly reduced

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